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A Mid-Summer Romance

by Howard Chandler Christy

No. 2

His First Call

How the Hand Spreads the Deadly Influenza Germ

Investigations by United States Army Physicians Which Demonstrate Startlingly the Dangers to Health and Life We Daily Run by Careless and Indiscriminate Handling of Dozens of Infected Objects

Now and arresting facts regarding the spreading of influenza are revealed in the report of Colonel Charles Lynch and Lieut-Colonel James G. Cummings, both of the Medical Corps of the United States Army, published in "The Military Surgeon." The epidemic upon which the two army doctors based their conclusions were made among the many camps in which the epidemic took such heavy toll of our soldiers.

The hand is held to be mainly responsible for the communication of the germs.

While the investigations were carried on among our men in uniform the findings apply with equal force, of course, to every one in civilian life. And while the influenza germ was the particular quarry of the scientists, every other communicable germ is equally, of course, spread in the same manner.

Particularly are the discoveries of importance at this time and measures of protection necessary to consider, because the closing of the saloons has created an unusual demand upon the soda water and soft drink dispensaries. While in some States rigid laws have been passed enforcing the proper cleansing and sterilization of glasses used at the soda water fountain, this legislation is not uniform nor are there a sufficient number of inspectors to cover the thousands of such places.

It is unquestioned that a number of soda fountains are carried on in a sanitary fashion—but it is incontestable that the vast majority are not. Where glasses are used the usual procedure of cleansing after the customer drinks is a hasty dip into tepid, dirty water, a hasty rub with a dirty towel, carried usually by a young man in a soiled linen coat with dirty hands and fingers nails, who then places it upon a rack to be used by the next customer. After he gets through with it there are usually more germs than those which might have been left by the customer drinking from it just before.

Nor does the fact that individual paper cups are used at many of the soda bars do more than lessen by a hair's breadth the danger of contagion. While the paper cups are perfectly sanitary they are usually placed in holders for the convenience of the customer. These holders have sometimes handles and sometimes not. The cup, it is true, that touches one's lips does not touch another's, but the holder remains indefinitely on the counter and keeps on accumulating the dirt and microbes from the hands of its users.

When a person upon whose hands are, say, influenza germs, enters one of these places for a drink he is bound to leave on the container some of these bacilli. The next customer carries away on his or her fingers a portion of these germs. Perhaps he wipes his hands on his handkerchief. The germs are then transferred to this article. Later on he wipes his mouth with the handkerchief. The germs then cling to his lips and in due time there is another case of infection and perhaps death.

In the report of Doctors Lynch and Cummings the common habit of holding the hand in front of the mouth or nose when coughing or sneezing is condemned. It is true that this, in a measure, serves to diminish the droplets otherwise scattered in the air, but it is also true that the hand carries away these droplets and becomes infected. The proper way to attend to a sneeze or a cough it to hold the handkerchief tightly in front of both nose and mouth and, removing it, fold it so that the hand later on will not touch the surface which has been over mouth and nose.

The useless habit of the handshake is also attacked. Washing the dishes that have been used by patients with those used by persons not affected is held up as one of the foremost avenues of contagion.

Direct contact, or air borne infections as usually interpreted, says the report, are spread by kissing or by inspiring the infective agents expelled by the acts of coughing or sneezing — droplet infection.

"We believe that the virus is transmitted by either of these routes to a very limited extent," write the physicians.

The spreading of the disease is by what "we may designate the touch route, viz., mouth or nose of the infected to hand, hand to inanimate objects, inanimate object to hand of non-immune, hand of non-immune to mouth or nose—result, infection. This route may of course be shortened by transfer from hand of infected to hand of non-immune.

"The bad habit of smothering the cough with the hand adds greatly to the possibility of hand to hand transfer. We are all familiar with inanimate objects, which are touched or handled by large numbers of individuals. These may be regarded as intermediate conveyances."

Captain George T. Palmer, of the Sanitary Corps, U. S. A., carried on the unique experiment of seeing how often in the course of an ordinary day he might run the risk of acquiring infected matter either on the hands, mouth or nose. His report, printed in Science by the permission of the Surgeon-General of the Army, showed 113 possibilities. He sums up these incidents as follows:

Touching hands to articles that were or might have been touched by others immediately before	87
Shaking hands	5
Carrying to mouth articles possibly infected by others	17
Hand brought in contact with mouth directly	2
Hand brought in contact with nose indirectly through handkerchief	7
Chances of acquiring infection through laughing of others	1
Chances of acquiring infection through sneezing of others	0
Chances of acquiring infection through coughing of others	0
Chances of acquiring infection through kissing	0

"There were 92 opportunities for infecting the hands directly with other hands or with articles just handled by others," records Captain Palmer. "Mere infection of the hands is, of course, immaterial. It is the carrying of the infected hand to the mouth or nose, which constitutes the danger.

"In the present instance the hand was brought in contact with the mouth or nose, either directly or through food, or through handling a handkerchief 14 times, 7 times in the case of the mouth and 7 in the case of the nose. This represents the experience of one to whom keeping hands out of the mouth is second nature. But what of the person who is unconscious of the hand to mouth habit? There is no question but that the hand travels to the mouth more frequently with the average individual.

"There were seven opportunities of infecting the nose with the hand through the medium of the handkerchief. The influence of weather and climate on infection is suggested here by the fact that the colder or more changeable the weather the more frequently does the nose require attention and the opportunities for infecting the nose from the hand increase in proportion.

"In making up this record of articles touched by the hands, it should be emphasized that only those instances have been recorded which offered the possibility of infection through recent handling of the articles by others. Contact with papers, pencils, etc., handled remotely by others have not been included.

"Another point that stands forth is that our hands are dangerous to others only in proportion to the frequency with which we infect them with our mouth and nose. The nose contacts and but two direct hand - to - mouth contacts. The handkerchief thus looms up as a factor of importance. Through it we may infect our hands from our nose, which is dangerous to others, and also infect our nose with our hands, which is dangerous to ourselves."

Several lessons of practical value suggest themselves to Captain Palmer from his experience. They are:

I. That we should use handkerchiefs one side of which is conspicuously colored or marked so that we may always apply the hands to one side, reserving the other side for the nose. This will protect our own nose from our hands and help to prevent the infection of our hands.

II. That we should abandon the universal practise of shaking hands, substituting some other less intimate method of salutation.

III. That we should encourage means which will lessen the opportunity for public restaurant employees to handle eating utensils.

Drs. Lynch and Cummings' evidence that the influenza is largely spread by the hand was first gained by the study of a Quartermaster Corps Unit consisting of 1,030 men; 689 of whom messed in family style from tableware which was cleaned by boiling, and 401 of whom ate from mess kits which were washed together in, as the report puts it, "the usual old line manner—in mess-kit wash water constituting not only the vehicle of transmission, but at the same time furnishing an optimum temperature, a fluid medium, and an immediate conveyor for large quantities of infectious agents. If, as these observations show, the hand is responsible for the contamination of mess-kit wash water with resulting fulminant epidemics, it follows that the minor routes of transmission are by the same general rule, mouth-to-hand and hand-to-mouth infection.

"The hand of the typhoid carrier has been repeatedly incriminated as the transmitting agent in food-borne epidemics, this contamination resulting in explosive outbreaks similar to those here shown. Just as the contaminated hand of the typhoid carrier pollutes food or dish water, so also, and to a far greater degree, the hand of one having a sputum-borne disease soils food, intermediate objects, and mess-kit wash water. If the hand of a typhoid carrier is liable to contamination from the usual source, is it not a foregone conclusion that hand contamination in the case of one infected with a sputum-borne disease is increased many fold?

"Sputum is usually superficially wiped off on an already soiled handkerchief or the external clothing. Hence sputum contamination of the hand is far more universal than is other contamination of the hand. This explains the explosive character of influenza outbreaks, since the explosive character of any outbreak is dependent on the simultaneous reception of an infective agent in massive doses by a large group of people. In this instance the hand infected wash water furnishes the intermediary vehicle to other hands, which in turn carry the infection to other mouths. Without doubt convection of the influenza virus may take place through the intermediation of all manner of articles commonly handled by a large group, but in this instance the character of the transmitting agent is such as to preserve inviolate the virulence of both the primary cause and the secondary invaders.

"Assuming that the theory of spread by indirect contact is correct, and we know of no definite information to the contrary, it would seem that the major routes of transmission in crowded civil and army life would in the main follow this same general method. We have presented figures which seem to show that it is chiefly transmitted through mess-kit wash water. This is indirect contact and has its parallel in saliva pollution of those inanimate objects—door knobs, backs of chairs, pens, toilet articles—which come in contact with the human hand. The street car hand-rail is grasped by thousands each day, as is also the door knob of the public building, and the non-immune is exposed to infection in proportion to the degree of saliva pollution of these objects by carriers, unrecognized mild cases and convalescents. The number of secondary cases resulting from these contaminated inanimate conveyors will largely depend, not only on the number of carriers and crowded conditions, but also on the general personal cleanliness of the community.

"It is the consensus of opinion that in infected persons the influenza virus is resident in the discharges from the mouth and nose. Hence it is logical to conclude that the portal of exit is by the same orifices. It is also universally conceded that they act as the portals of entry not only for the influenza virus and its secondary invaders, but of many other pathogens as well. Therefore, any agency which will remove infected secretions from the mouth and nostrils of the sick and introduce them into the mouth and nostrils of the well, with their virulence undiminished, will spread the disease. The hand fulfills these conditions perfectly."

The conclusions of the report, which, although they apply to camp life, are equally adaptable to the life of the home, are as follows:

"1. Influenza, as well as the other so-called air-borne or respiratory diseases, is essentially a hand-to-mouth infection.

"2. There are major and minor modes of transmission by indirect contact—by the former through tepid mess-kit wash water, and by the latter through intermediate inanimate objects, the hand being the conveyor in both instances. Among troops approximately 75 per cent of the cases arise by the major route. This applies to troop transports as well as camps.

"3. Transmission by direct contact is only subsidiary to the indirect routes.

"4. The adoption of a universal method of washing mess-kits in boiling water will enormously reduce the prevalence of all mouth-borne infections.

"5. The prevention of the hand-to-mouth infections may be accomplished by any measure which will prevent the unclean hand from visiting the mouth and nose and by the thorough cleansing of the hand after all such visits.

"6. The incubation period of influenza would appear to be from two to three days.

"7. An epidemic of influenza among troops may be controlled by elimination of hand-contaminated dishwater."

The Old-Fashioned Public Drinking Fountain, Now Happily Done Away with Almost Everywhere, Was an Even More Dangerous Spreader of Hand to Mouth Infection Than the Carelessly Managed Soda Counter.

A Fragment of Skin from the Human Hand, Highly Magnified and Showing the Creases, Pockets and Pores Which Form Homes for Millions of Germs. By Touching Other Hands and Every-day Objects We Transfer a Part of the Germs to Each Thing Touched, Thus Spreading Various Diseases.

On the Left Is a Properly Sterilized Glass from a Soda Water Fountain. Beside It Is a "Cleaned Glass" Not Sterilized, Which When Dusted With a Powder Made for This Purpose, Revealed the Germ Filled Finger Marks Shown in This Photograph.

How Even Soda Water Counter That Uses Individual Cups May Spread Disease.

1—A Person Infected With Influenza or Other Communicable Germs Grasps the Holder of His Cup While Drinking and Leaves There Colonies of Bacilli.

2—The Attaant Lifts Out and Destroys the Individual Cup, but Leaves the Holder Standing Upon the Counter.

3—The Next Customer Is Given an Individual Cup, Which Is Perfectly Clean and Sanitary, but Contained Within the Infected Holder.

4—And With Her Mouth With Her Handkerchief, Which She Holds in the Hand Which Has Grasped the Holder, She Transfers to the Handkerchief the Germs Which She Has Carried Away from the Holder. In Using the Handkerchief Again This Surface Is Perhaps Pressed Against Her Lips and There the Germs Find Entrance Into Mouth, Throat and Nose.

5—The Germ Multiply, and After Their Regular Course of Incubation Another Mysteriously Contracted" Case of Influenza or Other Illness Results.

Solution—Use the Individual Cup WITHOUT the Holder.

some cases only for gallons of water being used for 250 m."

The rate per thousand infected from the group eating from mess kits was 476, while that for the group using tableware was only 94!

Furthermore, the medical chart showing the daily progress of the infection revealed that this daily rate for those using tableware was continuously low, while for those using mess kits there was on certain days an extremely high rate, termed by the physicians "explosive in character."

"From the findings here presented," continues the report, "it is obvious that some major factor is responsible for the explosive character of one group of outbreaks. This is the hand. It is primarily responsible, the vehicle contributing not only

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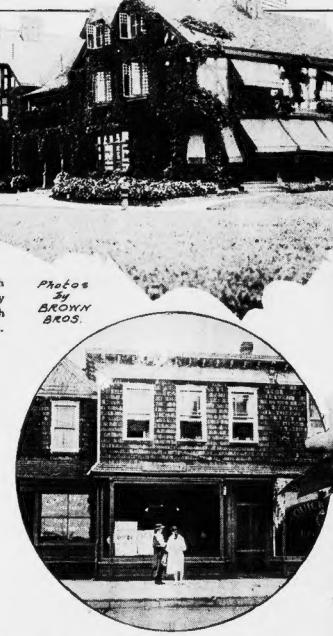
The Year's Best All American Romance

How the Fashionable Sportsman's Son Won the Pretty Little Village Postmistress and with Her Beside Him to Help Is Carving Out a Career for Himself in True American Style



"Billy" Hazard, Jr., in His Polo Costume. Beneath the Sketch of the Post Office Wooing Is the Stately Long Island Home of the Hazards and Beneath It the Plain Little Office of Which Young Mrs. Hazard Was Postmistress.

Photos by BROWN BROS.

Mrs. "Billy" Hazard, Who Has Gone to Mexico to Help Her Husband "Make Good."

MRS. WILLIAM AYRAULT HAZARD, JR., is on her way to Mexico to join her gallant young husband and help him in his fight to make a fortune for her in that danger-infected country. Like one of the pioneer women of old, this young wife, less than twenty-three years of age, is going out into the wilderness to live and work and fight, if need be, shoulder to shoulder with her man.

Mexico, and particularly the sector where the Hazards will live, is exceedingly unsafe just now. Men stay there at their own risk. For a country-bred girl, used to the simplicity of a Long Island village, to venture into this revolution-mad country is little short of madness, but "Billy" Hazard is already there and he needs his wife.

And so without question, without fear, little Mrs. Hazard, with her courage in one hand and passport in the other, sailed for Tampico and her Billy the other day, thus beginning the latest, but of course not the last chapter of a most delightful all-American romance.

It is a perfect love idyl, this romance of young William A. Hazard, son of William Ayrault Hazard, of Cedarhurst, polo player, army aviator and member of Newport's and Long Island's smartest sets, and little Ella Johnson, postmistress of Cedarhurst, high school graduate, village belle and daughter of Sylvanus Johnson, deputy sheriff of Nassau County. It is seldom that society is so intrigued by just such a heart-stirring drama of love and secrecy and adventure as this particular tale that comes out of the quietly aristocratic, exclusive colony whose overlord is William Hazard, Senior. The motion pictures or the legitimate stage would make much of this love affair between the scion of the house of wealth whose forebears helped to settle Newport, R. I., and for whom an important street in the Queen City was named a century ago. Then, too, this lordly young scion has Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry as an ancestor. There are few men in America who can boast of such a background as belongs to young Billy Hazard. What a perfect hero he makes for the six-reel movie play!

And what a hero he made for the pretty young girl who worked in the post office and handed out his mail so tenderly to the dark-eyed "Billy." What dreams she had in those early weeks when her hero made ridiculously frequent calls at the shabby little post office! Being a woman, in spite of her nineteen Summers she knows that Billy meant "something" when he gazed so steadily at her, when he made crude efforts to touch her fingers as she handed him his letters and newspapers. She knew he had "something" on his mind, but being brought up to believe that the Hazard family were in a class by themselves, she never guessed the truth—well, not for a week at least. The Summer evening that he met her at the post office door and walked down the village road toward the sunset—well, she knew then what that something really was an meant.

Her hero, it seems, had fallen madly in love with her face and head as he saw them through the grating window! All he could see of her was her sleek brown hair, so daintily dressed, her earnest blue eyes and smooth pink cheeks. For a week he had worshipped her through the grating and then taking his courage in both hands, boldly waited for her at the office door. As she walked toward him he discovered that below her beloved face and head were a pair of slender, capable shoulders and about four feet of determined, but very graceful flesh, blood and bone!

In all, a very charming and adorable vision, and he stated with great decisiveness that this lovely creature was going to belong to him, in short, he told the very much flustered postmistress that she was to become Mrs. Billy Hazard whether she would or no! You see, all a hero, Billy can very true to form, turning caveman at once in an effort to make the lady give in instanter.

This was three years ago. Our hero and heroine remained engaged to each other for two years. They would have been married in the beginning, but Hazard, also true to form, had enlisted with the French Ambulance Service and was even then packed up to sail for France. He remained in the service six months, returning to America when we went into the war in order to join the American Aviation Service.

Again he urged the lady to marry him, again she counseled waiting, promising however, to marry him before he should sail for overseas service.

Little Miss Johnson, for all her big blue eyes and slender girlishness, understood full well what bucking up against the Hazard family and its prejudices would mean. Also she had a goodly share of honest American pride and independence. Her people were Americans all the way back, on both sides, self-reliant, self-respecting farmer people of Long Island, and she did not favor slipping into the Hazard family by the back door.

She had a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, "Billy" had nothing aside from the liberal allowance given him by his father. This allowance she felt in her Johnson bones would be stopped the minute they were married.

There was but one thing to do—young Mr. Hazard must go to his parents and announce his engagement to "that pretty girl in the post office," as the smart Long Islanders called our heroine, and see how they took it.

"Billy" manfully squared those shoulders that looked so well in his aviator's uniform and marched off to Meadow Hall to tell his story. And here enters the entire Hazard family into the romance, and like the two principals, they, too, ran true to form.

William Hazard, Senior, head of the family, was founder and is president of the Rockaway Hunt Club; he was one of the first men in America to play polo and is a wealthy man, although not given to spectacular ways of living and spending. His wife was Miss Laura Pelton, an aristocratic lady whose lines have always fallen in the wealthiest and most exclusive of pleasant places.

There are two daughters, Mrs. Courtlandt D. Moss and Mrs. Freddie Rhinelander Brown, both of whom are always faithful to their ancestry and tradition.

The present members of the Hazard family are on the most friendly terms with Cedarhurst village people. Whenever there is any trouble in the village the Hazards are always there to help and they are exceedingly gracious and kind. But the unconscious kindness of their manner is all because, to the Hazards, the Cedarhurst people belong to a world that is socially non-existent. Not for one minute could there be any mixing of the two elements.

The caste line drawn between them is perfectly distinct to the villagers, although the Hazards are apparently unaware of it; at least they are superbly unconscious of it, which is the truest form of high bred snobbery.

Such was the family with its inherent prejudices and hide-bound traditions that Ella Johnson, postmistress of the village, was bucking up against!

For years while Billy was away at college she had delivered mail to the Senior Hazards and other prominent members of the Cedarhurst colony. She knew, of course, that the Hazard son and heir was an important person in his own eyes and in those of his family. She knew that he danced and played and flirted with the debutantes of New York's wealthiest families, that he was a favorite at Newport, Southampton and Piping Rock.

She knew that he could marry and frankly was expected to marry any one of a dozen specially picked heiresses. As a Cedarhurst girl and postmistress she knew all this and more. She knew that popular Billy Hazard was besieged with invitations and mysterious looking feminine notes.

Also she knew Mrs. Hazard, for that well-bred lady always had a pleasant smile for the "nice-mannered girl who runs the post office." It was not, however, the smile that a woman gives the girl she hopes or expects her son to marry!

"Billy" came back from his interview with his parents deeply angry and more than ever determined to marry the girl he adored. He put his proposition firmly before her. "Dad says he'll cut off my allowance and mother says she'll never forgive us if we marry, but we've got only one life to live and it's ours, and I say let's get married to-morrow."

The postmistress had been growing up during her two-year engagement; she had also been doing some pretty serious thinking. Young Hazard was no boy; his experiences along the French front had sobered him—made, in a way, an old man of him. He was now going into the most dangerous branch of the army service. If they married she could keep herself and "Billy's" pay would keep him, with what she could send him out of her salary. What mattered it if his family did not approve of her? Fundamentally she knew that she was as good as "Billy" and his family, and did not "Billy" deserve some happiness?

With her wise little head filled with these thoughts the postmistress listened to "Billy's" ultimatum, and when he finished she smiled meekly and whispered:

"Just as you say, dearest. I am willing if you are."

And so, on March 15, 1918, William Ayrault Hazard, Jr., and Ella Johnson were married in the little Episcopal church at Rockville Center. It was a well-kept secret, for neither Billy nor his bride told anyone aside from the two intimate friends who stood up with him. Within a week young Hazard was on his way to the Texas flying field, leaving Ella to continue her postal duties.

In the meantime the Hazards had been going through a most anxious period. They knew that their son had not broken off with Miss Johnson, but, of course, they did not dream of their having married in secret. With their boy in Texas both the father and mother tried to feel that all danger was over. They still got their mail at the Cedarhurst post office, but sent one of their servants for it, and for months not one member of the family entered the building. Billy's allowance was continued, for the boy was about to face the great adventure, and while they could not countenance his marrying the village maiden they would not deprive him of anything that money could buy.

Mrs. Moss and Mrs. Brown, his two older sisters, were inclined to take a more serious view of his sudden silence regarding his love affair. They felt they knew their brother pretty well and were sure he had something up his sleeve. But not even when he sailed for overseas did he mention the girl he loved.

As it happened, Hazard never saw any real action, for the armistice came along before he was fully equipped, and he was one of the first men to return to America. It was Christmas time when he again entered the post office and saw his lawfully wedde wife handing out mail through the window grating.

Without any warning the young aviator took his bride in his car and motored her out to Meadow Hall. There he presented her to his family, turned right away and went to the Johnson home in Rockville Center, and there he stayed for several weeks awaiting some word from his parents.

Now, as real parents are seldom so unforgiving as the movies and story-tellers would have us believe, the Hazards did relent a wee little bit. They invited "Billy" to bring his wife home for a visit, but this "Billy" refused to do. He did not want his parents to support him. No; he would get a job and support her. Very well, then. Father Hazard could help him. And so one day a big oil company with Mexican interests offered "Billy" a job in its Tampico fields.

"It's dangerous down there, 'Billy.' You shan't go without me," was his wife's first comment on his job.

But Hazard did go without her. He wanted to test out the job first and see if it would be worth while. The very first week he was in Tampico wild reports came in of brigands and revolutions, and he cabled his wife not to come. But she was already busy getting her passport, and the minute she received it off she went to secure passage on the first steamer out of New York.

You see, this plucky little wife of this splendid young American soldier, sportsman and possible millionaire has a truly American ambition. She is determined that her husband shall succeed—he is to make at least a good living and a home for her and show his father that he does not need any of the Hazard money in order to win in life's battle.

And like a pioneer wife, "Mrs. Billy" is ready to face any danger so long as she can be with her husband and help him. She will have every opportunity to run great risks, for "Billy's" job will take him far from even Mexican civilization on prospecting tours in Southern Mexico and Central America. Neither he nor his wife expects to see New York for five years, but this does not intimidate either of these adventurous young people.

They fought against odds when courting and when marrying, and they are willing to continue the fight in order to make good. Only thus can they justify their romantic marriage to themselves.

If this were a nine-reel melodrama we would now see a close-up of Billy and Ella, clad in Mexican sombreros, soft shirts, flowing ties and leather knickers, astride rangy ponies, taking one last look at us and civilization, then fading away gently into a wild Mexican desert or forest, or perchance a revolution.

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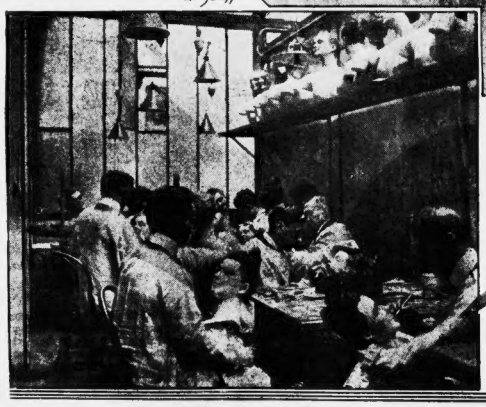
SCIENCE DOING AWAY WITH LIVING FASHION MODELS

Beautiful Automatons That Walk, Make All the Few Necessary Gestures to "Show Off" a Gown, Never Go on Strike, Are Always Ready to Work and Are Not at All Subject to the Peculiar Temptations of the Lovely "Mannequins" of the Exclusive Shops

Another of the Fashion Automatons Walking and Exhibiting a Costume Just Like a Living "Mannequin."

A Bust Photograph of One of the New Lifelike Paris Fashion Automatons Which Reproduces Faithfully the Features of Mlle. Sarcy, One of the French Beauties.

Photos by Hirzoff



Artists Touching Up the Wax and Rubber Compound Heads and Necks of the Automatons.

A Comparison of the Mlle. Sarcy Automaton with a Photograph of Mlle. Greuze, Another Actress Whose Automatons Are in Great Demand. This Shows How Difficult It Is to Determine Which Is the Mechanical and Which the Living Figure. In the Bust Photograph the Camera Has Caught the Left Hand Slipping Down in One of the Slow Gestures That Complete the Illusion of Life.

A REVOLUTIONARY reform in the life of Paris, a reform that is mainly economic and yet deeply affects the moral domain, is promised.

The famous "mannequins," those chic and shapely girls who display the wares of Parisian dressmakers on their backs, are to be replaced by lifelike automatic figures.

The concern which is designing these new figures for the use of Parisian business is putting out two types of models.

1. Mechanical figures that move naturally and gracefully around the room, with a few simple movements, displaying dresses, hats and other wearing apparel as effectively (it is alleged) as living models could do.

2. Lifelike articulated figures that can be placed in any pose, but will not move.

Everybody who knows anything about Paris or has ever heard of the place will admit that this reform is a revolutionary one. For many years—in fact, ever since Paris acquired her international position as leader of fashions—the "mannequins" have been one of the most typical and attractive features of the gay capital. The word "mannequin" originally meant a lay figure used by artists and then came to be applied to the living models through commercial usage. Now, curious to say, it may denote an inanimate figure in business circles again.

A large proportion of the saucy little stories of Parisian life centre about an attractive mannequin. Without them that life, it seems, would lose much of its distinctive character, would become "denatured," we should say.

The prettiest and most beautifully formed among the working girls of Paris have always aspired to become mannequins. The typical Parisian man-about-town and the gay French nobleman are believed to feel a great interest in the mannequins. These living adjuncts of fashion are perhaps as much an attraction as the ornaments of the vaudeville stage.

Even the staid Parisian business man is supposed to accompany his wife cheerfully to the dressmaker's because of the opportunity it affords him to inspect the mannequin at her duties. Sometimes, too, he has occasion to drop in not accompanied by his wife.

But Paris is not so entirely devoted to gayety as we conventionally assume. Taken as a mass the women of France are probably the most high-minded, industrious and well-conducted people in the world. It is a source of regret to these Frenchwomen, and to many Frenchmen also, that a large class of girls should be employed in a somewhat dangerous occupation and should be the subject of jest all over the civilized world.

Moreover, since the awful destruction of human beings by the war it has become more than ever necessary that every person should be engaged in some useful, productive occupation. Therefore, the reformers argue, the replacement of the live mannequins by automatic figures will remove a great class of girls from a more or less demoralizing occupation and set them at liberty to follow a more useful and productive one.

The released mannequins may go to work in factory or farm, or, better still, they may stay at home and raise the families of which France is so greatly in need.

But many doubts must arise with regard to the success of the proposed reform. Will the mannequins willingly go back to the life of drudgery or domesticity which is recommended for them? Will they not rather seek some more deplorable calling if their former attractive occupation is closed to them?

The most serious doubt of all, however, must arise from the attitude of business. Will the wealthy capitalists engaged in producing the finest quality of dresses and women's wearing apparel of all kinds be content to give up their living mannequins, one of the most attractive features of their business, and use mechanical ones?

Can the mechanical mannequins display anything approximating the charm of the live ones in setting off a costume?

Concerning the attractiveness of the mechanical models the promoter of the scheme uses language of enthusiastic praise that is rather amusing. He says that the mechanical models are seductively beautiful and graceful, that their exquisitely colored wax complexions are more perfect than natural ones, and that in face and figure they are more beautiful than the average mannequin, because they are copied with the highest artistic skill from the most famously beautiful women of the Parisian stage.

The enthusiastic promoter omits to state whether he thinks the Parisian man, or maybe the American millionaire, will be as much interested in the automatic figure as in the living mannequin. Perhaps he feels that the discussion of such a point is beneath his dignity.

For the benefit of the employer it is pointed out that the automatons never go on strike, cost far less and present none of the temperamental problems so inseparable from the fair sex.

Undoubtedly the manufacture of the automatic mannequins has been carried out with wonderful art and ingenuity. A group of these figures possesses considerable charm, for they represent the most noted actresses and singers of Paris in very natural poses. It might even be argued with some show of reason that the artificial figures are more attractive than some living figures, for they have been copied from originals that understand the poetry of motion. It is indeed very interesting to hear about these fascinating artificial beauties from one who understands their manufacture.

"Artists of distinction, prominent among them the noted Parisian sculptor Pierre Imans, have not disdained to take up the new art of wax modelling," writes the expert. "The wax mannequin is now one of those art creations of Paris which, however they may be envied abroad, are beyond all foreign competition.

"Nothing is more difficult to produce than a perfect wax head. The most assured art and taste must be allied with the most perfect mechanical methods.

"While the head must be of seductive beauty the figure is equally important. It must be of harmonious lines, of attitudes both bold and supple, to represent the Parisienne in all her grace and charm, as our masters of the pencil, the brush and the chisel show her.

"Around the exquisite face, full of life and charm, the hairdresser arranges long tresses of silky hair; the hat designer surmounts this tasteful coiffure with her creations. A fine aigrette or other ornament is made more attractive by the gracious and coquettish carriage of the head.

"The dress-maker drapes the harmonious lines of the artificial mannequin in clinging silks, in filmy muslins, in rich and tender velvets, in severe and dignified cloths.

"The corsetiere finds these mannequins built with lines of perfect grace and slenderness. The laces and linen of the underwear merchant rest upon forms of perfect grace and reveal alluringly delicate flesh tones.

"The brilliancy of the jeweler's treasures is greatly heightened when he places them on the exquisite ears, the lovely hair and the slender fingers of these waxen beauties. Nothing could enhance the lustre of pearls better than the ideal peaches-and-cream complexion of these models.

"Even the shoe gains in attractiveness on the foot of one of these figures, associated as it usually is with attractive accompaniments of silk and lace.

"The wax used is of a special, very fine quality, impregnated with a flesh-colored tint throughout before it is modelled.

"The artist carries his molten wax in a pot with a spout. He pours it over the framework of the figure and then moulds it into shape, working very much as a sculptor would with clay. The work is in many ways more complicated than the ordinary sculptor's art, for the wax artist must fit his model with perfectly colored eyes and tint her complexion.

"After that a dentist fits the waxen beauty with a pearly set of artificial teeth.

"Then she is turned over to another set of experts, who implant a wonderful and beautiful growth of natural hair into her waxen head—hair of the scalp, eyebrows, eyelashes, etc.

"Bust, arms and legs are entirely modelled from the flesh-colored wax in order to be perfectly natural in appearance. The hands are finished perfectly, even down to the representation of the finger nails.

"Finally the figure is ready for the display of gown, lingerie, shoes, jewels, coiffure and everything that makes up the outward glory of woman."

In order to make this model walk naturally very ingenious machinery has been introduced. The work was made less difficult by the fact that only a few slow, simple movements are needed to display a gown. Within the body is a delicate clockwork mechanism that causes the legs to move with a graceful, natural motion. The figure is placed in the desired attitude and then, the clockwork having been released, walks slowly around the room with dignified, graceful movements, displaying with alluring coquettishness and pride the gorgeous costumes and jewels that adorn her.

It is well known that a reproduction of the human figure, perfect in proportion and distribution of weight, cannot be depended on to stand erect. The living man holds himself upright by an unconscious balancing effort. To meet this difficulty in the automaton a gyroscopic attachment has been introduced, which brings the figure back to the upright whenever it begins to fall away.

The manufacture of the still waxen figure presented, of course, no great mechanical difficulty. It is, however, fashioned with the same superb skill as the walking automaton, and presents the same seductive beauty of face and figure.

The elbows, shoulders, waist, knees, etc., are fitted with universal joints and can be moved into any pose desired.

A distinguished critic states that he derives an even greater pleasure from gazing at these still waxen beauties than from looking at the walking mannequins.

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Our Wealthy, Badly Scared Expatriates Flocking Home

More Safety, Less Taxes and Greater Freedom Drawing the Disillusioned Self-Exiles Back Home Despite the Entire Absence of Royalty and Nobility

A Rather "Nasty" English Cartoon of Lord Astor, the Former New Yorker, Suggesting How He Acquired His British Title.

BEGINNING many years ago a steady stream of exceedingly wealthy Americans began to leave this country and settle down in England and other European countries, because they believed they could get more for their money there—more social distinction, more obsequious servants at lower wages, more immunity from democratic manners and comment.

Now the tide has turned the other way. Five years ago, when the great war fell on Europe, some of our rich American expatriates began to return home, and the stream is steadily increasing in volume.

They are returning because they expect to find more safety, less taxes and better prospects of a happy future in their native country.

Here it should be noted that those American millionaires who have settled in England have found themselves in the disagreeable position of having to pay income tax twice over. The American income tax has recently been raised to 65 per cent on incomes over a million dollars annually. The English tax is, roughly speaking, the same on the largest incomes.

Now the British Government requires any American who has become a resident of England, even though not a British citizen, to pay income tax on all his income, including that which comes from America. The American Government, of course, requires a person to pay tax on income gained in America, though he lives abroad, for it would not be right to encourage our citizens to become expatriates.

Thus it happens that rich Americans domiciled in England are in some cases subject to a tax larger than their incomes. It is difficult to believe that many of these luxurious persons are living on less than nothing a year, but that appears to be the intent of the law, and if they actually find themselves with a little pocket money they may have kept it by some kind of camouflage.

One conspicuous instance of returned expatriates is that of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Blake, the latter of whom was once noted in New York society as Mrs. Clarence Mackay. It will be recalled that in 1914 Dr. Blake went abroad on account of the notoriety which had befallen him in consequence of his first wife's divorce suit against him, her suit for $1,000,000 damages against Mrs. Mackay and other domestic troubles. He was then one of the wealthiest and most fashionable surgeons in New York.

Dr. Blake let it be understood that he was going to spend the rest of his life abroad and that he did not find America a pleasant place. He looked over the ground in England and then passed over to Paris, which looked very pleasant to him. It was announced that he would practice among the wealthy British and American colony in Paris.

Soon after that the war broke out and Dr. Blake married Mrs. Mackay. They could hardly return just then to the unpleasantnesses they had left behind in America. They stayed in Paris for four years, but no sooner was the war over than they came back to America. Dr. Blake announced that he would henceforth practice principally in New York and spend the Summer at Newport.

A good story is told of an episode that happened immediately after the Blakes landed in this country.

"Oh, dear, how English you look!" remarked a friend to Mrs. Mackay.

"You would not have us look American, would you?" indignantly replied Mrs. Mackay.

"Well, that is the way we felt about it, but we did not know you agreed with us," retorted her friend.

The most notorious of all expatriates is, of course, William Waldorf Astor, now Viscount Astor, of England. He has not yet returned to this country and can hardly do so without making himself ridiculous, but several members of his family have returned to America, and there are indications that His Lordship has turned regretful glances toward his native country.

Three months ago his second son, Captain the Hon. John Jacob Astor, of the King's Life Guards, came over here with his wife, who was originally Lady Violet Elliott, daughter of the Earl of Minto, and was married first to Lord Charles Cairne, who was killed in the war. Captain Astor was severely wounded and came here to recuperate and enjoy a deferred honeymoon. He first went down to Palm Beach and after that visited California.

It is a very significant fact that over a year ago Lord Astor transferred $8,000,000 of his New York real estate to his second son, Captain Astor. This includes Lord Astor's share of the old Astor House site and some neighboring parcels. This division of property certainly reduces the surtaxes to be paid by the Astor family, and if Captain Astor were to reside here permanently he could avoid paying all English taxes on this large estate.

Thirty years ago William Waldorf Astor moved to England because he found America was "not a fit place for a gentleman to live in" and because he could not endure democratic comment. He was the head of the senior branch of the Astor family and the owner of the largest New York real estate holdings commonly valued at $200,000,000.

After going to England he became naturalized, started a Tory newspaper and did everything he could to establish himself in aristocratic society. He bought the largest country house available in England, Cliveden on the Thames, belonging to the Duke of Westminster. It was not until 1916, however, when the war was raging, that he obtained the title of Baron. Later he was advanced to the dignity of Viscount.

His two sons grew up in England. The older one, Waldorf Astor, was British Food Controller during the war and is now Secretary of the Local Government Board. Viscount Astor gave Cliveden to his oldest son when he acquired historic Hever Castle, the former residence of Queen Anne Boleyn, for himself.

Now it is announced that Cliveden is to let cheap, presumably because the Astor family is having to pay more taxes than it can afford. Lord Astor has become so thoroughly identified with England that he could not withdraw without appearing ridiculous.

James J. Van Alen, that very picturesque Anglo-American society man, who married Miss Caroline Astor, but has been a widower for years, was at one time an expatriate. Mr. Van Alen is noted as one of the few Americans who can wear a monocle in his eye without a string to save it from falling. His objections to America were practically identical with those of William Waldorf Astor.

Mr. Van Alen purchased a historic English residence, Rushton Hall, in Devonshire, and spent the larger part of the year there, living as much like a lord as possible. However, he sold this after annoying experiences with English contractors, gardeners and so forth.

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Van Alen was enjoying the waters at Baden Baden, Germany, recuperating from the fatigues of his past social successes and preparing for new ones when the great conflict broke out. For several weeks his relatives and business representatives were unable to communicate with him and felt exceedingly worried about his fate.

Finally Mr. Van Alen escaped from the maelstrom of war and hastened straight back to America. He built a new house in New York and stayed in this country for the remainder of the war. No sooner did peace come, however, than the desire to see Europe again revived. He obtained a passport authorizing him to travel in Spain, but some unauthorized person added "France, England and Italy."

When Mr. Van Alen reached Europe his passport was seized for irregularity and he had to return to this country.

James B. Duke, one of the greatest of American multi-millionaires, is another conspicuous instance of those who have given up their foreign residences and returned to America. Mr. Duke was formerly the president and chief owner of the great American Tobacco Company, and after that he organized the British-American Tobacco Company.

A few years ago Mr. Duke married Mrs. Nanaline Inman Holt, of Atlanta, Ga., a very noted Southern beauty. The Dukes went to London for several seasons, and Mrs. Duke found the social surroundings very much to her liking. In 1914 the Dukes leased Crewe House, the residence of the Marquis of Crewe, in Mayfair. It is a historic house, the largest obtainable at that time in the most fashionable quarter of London.

It appeared quite decided that the Dukes would stay in England permanently and that a brilliant social future lay before them. But when the war broke out they came back to America and did not return to England. Mr. Duke, of course, had good business reasons for going to England in the first place, and doubtless had equally good ones for leaving it.

A remarkable case is that of Major Bradley Martin, who has returned to America under circumstances highly creditable to himself. He was brought up by his parents in England as an Englishman and expected he would always be one, but having come to New York on a brief business visit, as he supposed, he decided that he preferred to remain here, and never went back to England permanently.

Major Bradley Martin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, were, of course, noted in New York society a generation ago. Their great wealth came from Mrs. Martin's father, Isaac Sherman.

In 1897 the Martins gave a tremendous costume ball in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York.

This ball was the cause of endless comment in New York and to some extent abroad. It marked a high point in American social life and no entertainment of similar magnificence and size has ever been attempted since. The comments, in some cases bitter and revolutionary, in others frivolous, displeased Mr. and Mrs. Martin, and a year later they went to England and settled there.

The Martins had one of the biggest houses in London and a famous estate in Scotland, called Balmacaan, where they lived with all the state of an ancient Highland chieftain. Their only surviving son, Bradley Martin, married in Scotland Helen Phipps, daughter of another American millionaire living over there, Henry Phipps, of Pittsburgh.

Soon after marriage the young couple came over here on a visit and decided quite unexpectedly that they would prefer to stay here.

Major Bradley Martin, who is now an active business man in New York, frankly stated one reason why he preferred America to England.

"They are getting very Socialistic over there. I don't like the looks of things at all," he remarked.

What will the beautiful Mrs. William B. Leeds, widow of America's "Tin Plate King," do when she contemplates her double income tax accounts? She has enjoyed the distinction of being wooed by more princes and noblemen than any widow in Europe, and of having resisted them successfully. She took Ken Wood, the largest house in the suburbs of London, from the Grand Duke Michael, because he was impoverished by the Russian revolution.

With a lease of this great place on her hands it is hard to see how she can return to America.

And then there are the twenty odd American heiresses married to enemy aliens, like Gladys Vanderbilt, Countess Szechenyi whose wealth has been seized by Uncle Sam and who are not allowed to return to this country.

Mrs. William B. Leeds, the Lovely Widow of America's "Tin Plate King," Who Is Worried by Double Taxation in England, but Is Kept There by Her Lease of a Great House.

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A Snapshot of Mrs. James B. Duke, Wife of the Founder of the Tobacco Trust, Watching a Parade in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Duke, After Taking a Great House in London, Have Decided to Stay Here.

Mrs. Joseph A. Blake, Formerly Mrs. Clarence Mackay, in the Splendid Costume in Which She Was Presented at the British Court.

Dr. and Mrs. Blake Are Very Conspicuous Among the Americans Who Settled Abroad and Have Just Decided to Return to America.

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Searching For America's Mysterious

Astonishing Exploits of a Nation-Wide Organization of Highly-Skilled Professionals Led by a Great Criminal Genius Whose Startling Achievements Outmatch Anything in the Detective Novels or in the Motion Pictures

Until the advent of the modern shops and department stores, master criminals took their toll of commerce by sacks of cities, by piracy and by systematic wrecking—a famous instance of which is shown in the remarkable painting by Boutigny above, which depicts an incident in the career of Bodro, a master criminal of the eighteenth century, who had organizations of wreckers along various coasts who lured by lights and other devices the ships to destruction. The modern department stores contain more riches than any average city of the past, and many exclusive stores have concentrated within their walls enormous wealth. All the criminal ingenuity and daring of the old freebooters are now centred upon these great and small modern marts of commerce, and their companies of expert thieves take a toll each year from the United States greater than Alaric the Goth secured from his sack of ancient Rome. And their methods have become more subtle, cunning and adroit. Here, inset in this painting of the scene of violent looting, is an example of one method of the up-to-date agent of the master criminals—the perfectly dressed, apparently rich woman, who by skilfully manipulating a mechanical hand takes heavy toll of the jewelry stores.

THE writers of detective stories and the crime mysteries of the movies delight in dealing with the "master criminal"—the cool, resourceful, desperate leader of the gang who matches his wits against the police detectives.

Thus the great Sherlock Holmes was constantly blocked by the sinister genius of Moriarty; the great French scientific detectives were outmatched by Leblanc's famous master criminal, Arsene Lupin; and Fu Manchu was the elusive leader of the gang in Sax Rohmer's novels.

These fascinating super-criminals are the fiction characters of the novels and the movies; there was no Moriarty, nor Arsene Lupin, nor Fu Manchu, of course.

And yet there is at this moment in real life a real master criminal whose actual exploits outrank anything these great imaginative criminals of fiction have ever achieved.

This real, living super-criminal is now in New York, now in Boston, then in Chicago, then in a western city—his trail is easy to follow, some of his gang have been caught, but the great master criminal himself has always eluded every trap that detective genius has set for him.

Who is this master criminal whose guiding hand controls a nation-wide organization of criminal operators—who sits far behind the danger line, like a commanding general at his headquarters, and secretly plans, plots and executes wholesale robberies with a daring and ingenuity outrivaling anything in the novels or on the screen? The police chiefs of a dozen great American cities, the private detectives of the leading mercantile establishments are now slowly closing in on him.

Recently there has been formed in New York City a great organization, comprising the detective departments of the best-known stores in the United States, which has no other purpose than the trailing and discovery of this master rogue and members of his band. The hunt is on in every city in America. Never has there been a chase so thrilling or exciting.

Every woman, every man, who makes purchases in the nation's big or little stores—department stores or specialty shops—is interested in this hunt, because every time a woman buys a dress, or a hat, or a coat, she pays seven per cent more than she would if this rogue did not exist.

On this page to-day and on following Sunday's will be revealed for the first time some of the extraordinary exploits of this master mind as executed by his well-trained organization.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN, one afternoon just a few weeks ago, Mrs. Sally Colgate, the beautiful young wife of the rich and famous Craig Colgate, a member of the famous Colgate family, stepped down from her luxurious limousine at the curb in front of one of New York's most fashionable department stores, the splendidly liveried attendant who opens the limousine doors of the wealthy shoppers at this particular store bowed unusually low as he handed the smartly-gowned shopper to the sidewalk. Even he, humblest of the store's menials, knew the handsome Mrs. Craig Colgate by sight. To him even as to the floorwalkers, the superintendents, the managers and the proprietors of the great store across the sidewalk, Mrs. Craig Colgate was a symbol of that vague, mysterious, much-to-be envied circle known in every day parlance as "high society."

Whenever Mrs. Colgate came to that store to do a bit of shopping all the store employes, from the cash girl to the superintendent, "looked sharp" and put on their most accommodating demeanor. For when Mrs. Colgate shopped she always bought only the most expensive things, and there never was bother about making change—no New York store would think of ever asking Mrs. Colgate to pay for the things she purchased. Quite as a matter of course the clerks always say, "Charge it, madame, of course."

On this particular afternoon the superintendent of the great store, which bears a name that is known clear across the United States, was standing just inside the entrance doors. He greeted Mrs. Colgate effusively.

"We are delighted, Mrs. Colgate, to serve you again," he said, bending low. "May I attend you myself?"

"I wish to look at a cloak—fur—either mole or baby lamb." Mrs. Colgate acknowledged the superintendent's offer to attend upon her himself as a matter of course.

"Thank you, Mrs. Colgate—I will be happy to show you what we have. Our cloaks will please you, I am sure. Will you follow me?"

At that same moment, on that very afternoon—it was just about half past four o'clock, to be accurate—Mrs. Sally Colgate, the beautiful and debonair young wife of Mr. Craig Colgate, was giving a garden party to a party made up of the debutante daughters of some of New York's most famous families in the grounds which surround her palatial Summer home in Locust Valley, a fashionable suburb of the great metropolis. Mrs. Colgate, herself, was everywhere on her grounds—flitting about among her guests as a charming, capable hostess should, whispering to this one how fascinating she looked in her dainty frock, or laughing with that one at some merry quip. With her inferiors Mrs. Sally Colgate is haughty — not overbearing, but just the least bit condescending—as might be expected of a Colgate chatelaine, but with those of her own station in society she is most winsomely gracious.

At a few minutes before five o'clock Mrs. Craig Colgate said to the superintendent of the great department store "This wrap seems very acceptable. It is for a young classmate of mine who is about to be married I am adding it to her trousseau. I believe she will like it immensely."

"Ah, I am sure she will be delighted. It is a magnificent wedding gift," said the superintendent, in ill-suppressed satisfaction at the costly purchase. Baby lamb skin coats are not sold every day in the year. "Did I mention the price, Mrs. Colgate? It is $27,450. We shall charge it, of course—and will you have it sent down to your car?"

Mrs. Colgate already had turned away. Buying a $27,450 fur coat as a wedding present was not, after all, nearly so much of an event in her life as the sale of such a costly item was in the career of a department store superintendent.

"No, never mind—just send it out to the house when it's convenient—I a mat the Summer place now." She did not even turn her head as she gave these careless instructions—just kept on her way out of the fur department and toward the elevators, the superintendent following closely to catch her orders.

"It will be delivered to-morrow, Mrs. Colgate. Thank you very much, indeed. When we may be of service again please command us. I shall hand you to your car myself, Mrs. Colgate, if you will permit me."

This, as was said above, was just a few minutes before five o'clock. At the very same moment—as was later discovered when the afternoon's events were checked up—this same Mrs. Craig Colgate was serving tea in the garden of her country home at Locust Valley to her chattering debutante guests.

Assuredly, it does seem impossible that this rich and beautiful Mrs. Colgate could be serving tea in her country garden and buying a $27,450 fur coat in a town department store at the same moment. That is precisely what the managers of the store thought when Mrs. Colgate informed them, a few weeks later, that she had not been in town at all on that day. The store superintendent declared with all the precision and convincing emphasis of which he was master that he had known Mrs. Colgate by sight for many years, that he often had conducted her through the store and had waited upon her himself. He could not at all be mistaken in declaring that it was to no one else but Mrs. Craig Colgate that he had sold that expensive and magnificent fur coat.

"But" Mrs. Colgate returned, indignant now as well as haughty, "I was not even in town that day—I was hostess at a garden party to some young friends of mine. Any number of them—daughters of our best families—will bear me out that I was not absent from my own garden, forty miles from town, during that whole afternoon—from 2 o'clock until long after 7. It is ridiculous to say to me that I was in any store that afternoon—much less that I was so incredibly foolish as to buy a $27,450 fur coat for a wedding present."

"Ah!"—there was a note of triumph in the store manager's voice—"ah, but my dear Mrs. Colgate, it is certain you have forgotten—because the very next day we delivered the cloak—delivered it to your own home—your country home at Locust Valley—just as you instructed our superintendent to do—and here, on this very sheet of paper, we have the receipt for it, duly signed by your parlor maid, who received it from our delivery man."

By this time Mrs. Colgate had lost her patience.

"This is very tiresome, sir," she said, with a note of finality in her voice. "I do not know why you should dwell upon this subject, when I have distinctly told you I was not in your store that afternoon at all—any more so than I shall be in the future. As for this receipt, signed, you say, by my own parlor maid—you are very much mistaken. Nothing was delivered at my house the next day. My servants all say so, especially my parlor maid. And this signature is not the signature of any person in my employ. I have no maid of that name."

And that seemed to end the matter. The superintendent was sure he had sold a wrap to Mrs. Colgate, but he could do nothing else but doubt it when it was conclusively proven that Mrs. Colgate wasn't in town that day at all. Mrs. Colgate had a bill for a fur wrap, costing $27,450, which she never received nor bought, but which the store superintendent declared she had bought from him, himself. It was a perplexing mystery. There was only one thing all persons were sure of. That was that the great department store lost a $27,450 fur coat.

And, as if that were not paradox enough—there was the undisputable fact that the coat was delivered at the Colgate home by a trusted delivery man, and signed for by a pretty housemaid who, the delivery man distinctly remembered, had bright golden hair and who was very "pert," he said—who acted as if she would like a little flirtation with him before he left the doorway. That is how he remembered her hair—because she seemed to want to flirt with him. Yet there was no blond housemaid in Mrs. Colgate's employ—the parlor maid, who received all packages at the side door was, in fact, a decided brunette. The delivery man looked at her and declared unmistakably, that she was not the one.

A $27,450 fur coat is quite an item in even a big store's stock account. But even this was dwarfed by the surprise that swept in upon Mrs. Colgate during the next few days. For in that time there were presented to her bills for almost $200,000 worth of other articles, none of which she had bought and which, like the fur coat, had vanished into thin air!

But could such an astounding situation as this ever come to pass?

There had been growing in the minds of those whose duty it is to protect the stores of the great cities, the belief that the constantly increasing disappearance of goods of great value could be explained only by the existence of an organization formed for the sole purpose of preying upon these modern marts of commerce. The Colgate case, whose details are revealed here for the first time, proved to them by its daring, by the consummate cleverness of its execution, by the extraordinary painstaking care with which every detail was worked out, every probable contingency provided for, that they were right.

Instead of a shoal of petty thieves operating in different ways according to their own individual ideas, there was in existence a vast and intricate organization including hundreds of carefully trained men, women and perhaps children, all working under the direction of a master criminal—more daring, more skilful, more amazing in every way than any of the super-criminals of detective fiction!

Master Criminal

"If Mrs. Colgate at a certain minute of a certain hour that afternoon had by any chance strolled down Fifth avenue and paused in front of a certain store she would have seen coming from it a woman who was absolutely herself, not only in appearance, but even in her walk and little mannerisms! And that disconcerting double would also have been about to enter what was to all intents and purposes its outward seeming Mrs. Colgate's own limousine."

And it was this master criminal, the unseen, invisible and, powerful, resourceful cunning and daring, operating his companies of law-breakers spread like a blanket over dozens of great cities, who had set the stage, named the actors, selected the loot, and given the word which had cost one store the $27,000 fur coat, and seven other stores goods amounting to almost a quarter of a million dollars!

The department store people had already appreciated that they had come face to face with a situation against which their corps of store detectives, designed primarily to catch shoplifters and other petty thieves, could not cope.

Comparison of losses showed that the value of goods stolen in New York alone for one month had arisen to the total of $3,000,000. In Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and the other large cities, relatively large losses were sustained. And every month these losses were increasing.

In fact, this mysterious leakage had reached such a tremendous total that it actually amounted to 7 per cent of the total amount of sales in the stores. In other words, out of every one hundred dollars the public paid for merchandise, seven dollars had to go to pay for the depredations of this master criminal.

It was almost a year ago that District Attorney Swann, of New York City began to give keen attention to the fast jumping losses. He noticed that there seemed to be a system about the thefts. One day he would receive, just as fast as his subordinates could file their reports, accounts of fur thefts reaching enormous totals in half a dozen big stores the day before. A few days later he would receive another batch of reports tabulating a long list of thefts of women's costly gowns from the same prominent stores. It would not be one store that lost gowns and another that lost furs the day before—but on one day all stores would lose furs, and on another day all stores would lose gowns. Where such thefts in a day used to run into hundreds of dollars, suddenly now, they began to reach into thousands.

Judge Swann communicated with the district attorneys of other cities. They reported to him that they, too, had taken notice of a series of what apparently were raids on the stores in their districts. When the stores of New York City lost furs for two or three days, it was certain that the stores of Philadelphia would lose furs for the next few days. Then New York would lose gowns and then Philadelphia would lose gowns. So it was with other cities. One day, in New York City, more than a hundred thousand dollars worth of jewelry was stolen from the jewelry counters of big department stores. Two days later $75,000 worth of jewelry was stolen from half a dozen department stores in Boston. Then, after two or three days, Pittsburgh reported losses of jewelry in its department stores to an enormous amount.

The district attorneys of these cities met with their police chiefs and foremost detectives. They compared notes. And it was then that the existence of a wide-spread system under one directing head was actually established.

The details of this evidence will be given in later chapters of this series.

But to return to the amazing Colgate case, which is a striking example of the ingenuity characteristic of the coups of this master criminal.

This is how it was done.

Three or four months ago there appeared at the Colgate home, to interview the housekeeper, a trim, efficient-looking young woman, pretty enough to be attractive, but not at all frivolous in her beauty, who asked for a position as housemaid. Oh, yes, she was accustomed to serving in fashionable homes. Madame So-and-So and Mrs. So-and-So, of Fifth avenue or Newport, had formerly been her mistresses, and would speak well of her ability. She particularly wanted a position with a family that kept a country home, so she, too, could have the benefit of a Summer out of town. Nowadays there is room almost always in a well-ordered household for good maids. They are so hard to get. She gave her name as Alma and was engaged and assigned to the upper or bedroom floors.

Alma worked and served industriously. She was so pleasing, so efficient and so accustomed to the household affairs of the rich that soon she was assigned to the post of dignity—that of parlor maid. The housekeeper doesn't remember now whether Alma asked for this post or not or whether it just seemed the natural thing to place her there. Certainly she was a jewel as a parlor maid. She knew just how to answer the telephone, just how to receive guests at the door, and when packages came for the house or its mistress she never made mistakes about receiving or distributing them. The entire parlor floor was left wholly to her ministrations, and much of the household business was entrusted to her.

Of course this took weeks—months, in fact. Complete confidence is not imposed in new maids—mistresses have to become accustomed to them, but by the afternoon spoken of at the beginning of this page it was the natural thing for Alma personally to receive such an important package, delivered by the automobile of a fashionable store, as a $27,450 baby lambskin coat.

With the arrival of this moment came the time for the rapid putting into effect of all the plans so carefully worked out by the master criminal who had conceived the plot.

And during this time of waiting another agent of the organization, with, no doubt, Alma's help, had spent weeks quietly shadowing Mrs. Colgate, studying her mannerisms, her poise and carriage, her voice and intonations. Particularly was it necessary for her to study the way she approached shop people—how she spoke to them, how she bought goods, how she would refuse other goods, what were her tastes in color, in quality of material—an incredible host of little details, each one of which was vastly important because in the necessarily rapid execution to follow a single false note might bring the structure of swindling down to the ground.

And then Mrs. Colgate's favorite street gowns had to be copied, faithfully copied; even her hose, shoes, hats and jewelry had to be duplicated, for the bogus Mrs. Colgate would have to deceive the very people who had sold some of these very articles to the real Mrs. Colgate. Therefore, other agents of the organization were put to work at this duplication—a task which must have taken many weeks and many skilled hands.

Furthermore, an automobile had to be found which would exactly duplicate Mrs. Colgate's shopping limousine! A chauffeur had to be provided who wore the well-known Colgate livery!

And when all this was done—after Alma had attained the proper degree of confidence that enabled her to receive packages ostensibly bought by Mrs. Colgate—after the pseudo Mrs. Colgate was letter-perfect in her part—after all the necessary gowns had been copied, all the shoes, the jewelry and so forth, too—after the pseudo limousine was perfect down to its smallest appointments and the chauffeur thoroughly trained—then the raid was made.

Entered into this amazing swindle now the element of time. Necessarily the ordering would have to be done in the fewest number of days. It was easy for Alma to ascertain her mistress's movements each day. When Mrs. Colgate was giving a lawn fete—as was the case when the fur coat was bought—there was no probability of her going to any store marked out by the organization for that day's operations. As for any accident occurring which would unexpectedly upset the daily programme furnished by Alma—well, after all, some chances had to be taken! And if this had occurred there is little doubt that an alternative plan for coping with such a situation had been prepared.

And if such an accident had happened and if Mrs. Colgate had by any chance at a certain minute of a certain hour that afternoon strolled down Fifth avenue and paused in front of a certain store, she would have seen coming from it a woman who was absolutely herself, not only in her appearance, but in her walk and little mannerisms! And she would have seen that disconcerting double enter what was to all intents and purposes in outward seeming her own limousine—and followed by her own parlor maid!

But after the pseudo Mrs. Colgate had ordered the goods at the store, had taken in many cases some of them away in her limousine, there still remained others which she ordered sent to the Colgate house. How were these goods received without the knowledge of Mrs. Colgate or disposed of without arousing the suspicion of Alma's fellow servants?

And if before this whirlwind swindling operation were completed one of the stores should make any inquiry about such delivered goods, how could their disappearance be explained?

Here enters the idea of the blond wig—seemingly a trivial detail but in reality a stroke of criminal genius.

It will be remembered that the delivery man of the department store which sold the baby lambskin cloak said that he had given the package to a blond-haired maid, and that he particularly remembered the blond hair because this maid had flirted with him. Alma was a decided brunette, and no one suspected, of course, that she had a nice, neatly-dressed blond wig which she could slip on over her own tightly-dressed hair even while she walked down the hallway from the front of the house to the side door where the deliveries were made, without running the risk that the other servants might see her.

And she always called attention to herself in one way or another to the delivery men so they would be sure to note her blond hair.

Some of the stores couldn't make deliveries, it was remembered afterwards, at the particular times they had promised. So these telephoned to Mrs. Colgate's home to ask her indulgence. The parlor maid answered the telephone. She said sweetly, in each instance; "I will call madame; hold the wire please." But she didn't call madame. She said into the phone after a proper interval of silence; "Madame directs me to say the delay is quite all right, you may deliver the package any time to-morrow. This is the parlor maid speaking. Good-bye."

If anyone had been closely watching Alma these days they would have discovered—besides the fact that she slipped on her golden wig every time she received a package—that she took none of these things into her mistress's apartments. Instead, she carefully stowed them under the bed in her own room or in hidden corners in the downstairs rooms where no one would find them.

But some time during the night a very silent motor car stopped just down the road and took them away.

So the $200,000 in purchases by the false Mrs. Colgate were all delivered or carried away. And the seventeen big stores and shop which made the sales, the seventeen stores at which Alma learned Mrs. Colgate was well known and carried unlimited charge accounts, lost their goods.

And just one more fact to show how confident the Master Criminal was that his carefully-laid plans would work out exactly as he intended.

When the last of the $200,000 worth of loot had reached Alma's hands and she had transferred it to another trusted agent of the organization one would naturally expect her to vanish from the scene with all possible speed. But Alma, obeying her master's instructions, did nothing of the kind.

On the contrary, she remained in the Colgate household, attending to her duties as quietly and efficiently as before. She answered all the questions of detectives and department store officials so willingly and with such an air of truth that until later not one suspected her of having been one of the chief actors in this amazing swindle.

Not until weeks after the excitement over the $200,000 robbery had died did Alma take her departure. She went ostensibly to Chicago, called there by an ailing mother who needed her care. Her leaving was keenly regretted by her mistress, who was utterly unsuspicious that she was other than a good and faithful servant.

Alma's daring lingering on the scene of her crime was a master stroke of criminal genius. A mystery that might have been quickly cleared up had she fled was deepened for weeks by her remaining quietly there in the Colgate home.

And the time thus gained gave her fellow criminals ample opportunity to dispose of their loot!

That was just one plot—just one episode in the record-markable history of these modern pirates, who are daily filching hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of saleable wares from the nation's great stores. Next week more will be told of this amazing organization, its methods and its ramifications from city to city.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

Mid-Summer Wraps by Lady Duff Gordon

An Evening Gown Designed Particularly for the Slender Woman.

The Smartest of the New Light Weight Silken Wraps with an Oriental Lining.

A Luxurious Black Satin Wrap That Is Far from Being as Heavy as It Looks.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon

("LUCILE")

WARM weather wraps are a most valuable asset to the well-dressed woman of to-day. They are not only attractive for the beauty of their graceful outlines but they are exceedingly useful as well, especially on these sudden cold evenings that so often descend on us when we are least prepared to receive them. A few years ago midsummer wraps would have been declared an absurdity. To-day no woman who gives real study to the matter of her appearance and comfort can afford to be without at least two or more in her wardrobe.

Notice the one on the right in the illustration. It seems very heavy at first sight, but with a low cut evening gown that is practically sleeveless, its warmth is very grateful after the dew has begun to fall and the penetrating night chill creeps up from the ground. This rich and luxurious wrap can be made of black satin meteor and lined with a heavier quality of white moire silk or Liberty satin to give it sufficient body. The white soutache braid and buttons form the only trimming necessary beyond the white satin piping and the bold upstanding collar and self-facing cuffs.

On the central figure you see a lighter-weight wrap, made up of any of the newer silken fabrics, lined with a changeable colored silk, oriental fashion. It is finished with smart tassels at the corners. This wrap protects the chest, neck and shoulders, but leaves the curves of a beautiful arm still visible.

The evening gown in the upper left hand corner is a creation of chiffon or Georgette crepe, combined with an elaborately brocaded skirt draped in the loose clinging folds that are so becoming to any woman of sufficient slenderness to carry them off well. The crushed ribbon belt and the cascade of chiffon down the front are added points of attraction.

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The Secret Door

By Derek Vane

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

NORAH, the young and beautiful Lady Estcourt, misunderstanding her husband's efforts to save her from the knowledge of his threatened blindness, becomes jealous of his interest in his old friend, Olga Lethbridge. Paul Delacour, of the French diplomatic service, fosters this misunderstanding and persuades Norah to elope with him to Paris while Lord Estcourt is away consulting an eye specialist in Wiesbaden.

Upon reaching Paris, Delacour is arrested on a charge of treason. Norah hurries home, hoping against hope to reclaim her farewell letter before her husband returns. She finds him already there, overjoyed by the specialist's opinion that his sight can be saved. But she is dismayed to discover that the incriminating letter has fallen into the hands of Olga Lethbridge.

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued)

"Thy Soul Shall Be Sorely Afraid."

THE following night Lord and Lady Estcourt were going to a reception at the French Embassy. Norah had carefully watched the posts, and she knew that no letter had come for her husband from Olga Lethbridge, neither had she called at Belgrave Square. What did it mean?

"We shall see her to-night," She is sure to be there," she thought. "What will she do—what will she say?" She tried not to think of the ordeal that lay before her more than she could help. She knew it would tax her strength and nerves to the uttermost.

On their way to Albert Gate she said:

"I feel rather tired and stupid to-night. Don't leave me for long, Ralph. I am not in the humor to talk nonsense and make myself agreeable."

"So I must bear the burden of your ladyship's fractious mood," he said, laughing. "Very well, I am resigned."

"I wonder who will be there? All the world and his wife, I suppose. By the way, have you seen Olga Lethbridge since you came home?"

"No; I am rather surprised I have not had an answer to the wire I sent her from Wiesbaden. She was so anxious to hear that I promised to send her word as soon as I had seen Bernhardt. I am sure she would rejoice at the good news."

"You thought of her before me," she said, jealously.

"I wanted to have the pleasure of telling you myself," he replied. "Besides, you did not even know I had gone abroad or for what purpose, so a telegram would only have alarmed you. What an unreasonable young person it is sometimes," drawing her hand through his arm and patting it.

"Ralph, I hope you won't think me a very horrid, jealous creature if I ask you not to make such a friend and confidante of Olga Lethbridge in future. Frankly, I don't like her, and I know she doesn't like me. I don't trust her, either. I am always half afraid of her making mischief between us."

He laughed contemptuously.

"Do you know your own power so little, my dear? Do you think any one or anything could harm you in my eyes, except you yourself? And even you could find it difficult."

A lump rose in her throat and for a moment she could not speak.

"Still, I don't like her," she persisted, in a pretty, spoilt tone, not wishing him to see how much in earnest she was. "She has taken you too much away from me of late."

"You will make me vain. I had no idea I was in such request," he laughed. "Well, darling, you shall find me in constant attendance in future. I am only afraid you will soon have too much of me. You know you like to be amused and I haven't much to say."

"You must think me very frivolous and empty-headed, but perhaps I can understand more than you think. Won't you try me, Ralph?" wistfully. "Won't you let me be your companion and take an interest in your work? I want to be more to you than I have ever been before."

"And you shall be," he said, his hand closing over hers. "Dear heart, I think I understand. I shall be wiser in future; I shall remember that you are not afraid of the serious side of life. Do you think I shall want any other companion when I can have you?"

As they made their way slowly up the crowded staircase at the embassy a soft, insidious perfume, that seemed curiously familiar, attracted Lady Estcourt's attention. She looked round sharply. The staircase was festooned with smilax caught up with bunches of crimson roses. It was the "Reine d'Amour," the same rose that Paul Delacour had chosen for his fateful gift. She shuddered at its luscious sweetness; the place was full of memories of the man who had tempted her.

"Is it a bad omen?" she wondered, fearfully. "Must everything remind me of the horrible past?"

But the next moment she had thrust the thought back and went steadily on to meet the destiny that awaited her. So might some fair aristocrat of the French Revolution have walked to the guillotine; a little pale, perhaps, the brave eyes a little hard, but smiling, unfaltering, greater than fate to the last.

"'We thought you seemed rather dull, so we struggled across to offer our company,' Norah said, laughing. 'I hope you feel properly grateful.' Did ever words so light spring from so heavy a heart? When she could have thrown herself at this woman's feet and begged for mercy she must meet her with a laugh and a jest."

As Lord and Lady Estcourt entered the crowded reception room together more than one person paused a moment to look after them. The woman was so dazzling in her youthful splendor; the man an impressive personality with his plain, clever face and air of distinction. They were both so obviously and delightfully happy, and they did not care who saw it.

"That is what I call tempting fate," one man said to another, with a laugh. "The gods do not approve of mere mortals looking as though they trod on air. What has happened to Estcourt? He looks ten years younger."

At that moment, as though obeying some unspoken command, Norah slowly turned her head and met the astonished, malignant gaze of Olga Lethbridge.

CHAPTER IX.

"To-morrow It Will Judge, or After Many Days."

LADY ESTCOURT had seen her enemy, and with a smile and a gay nod she saluted her. The fixed stare did not relax, no answering smile came into the cold, deadly eyes. Norah turned to her husband with a pretty, almost demonstrative manner.

"Miss Lethbridge is waiting for you to recognize her," she said. "She looks rather lonely. Shall we try to get across to her?"

Olga Lethbridge watched them coming, wondering whether they were figures in a dream. Anything was more possible than that Estcourt should be coming to meet her with his wife at his side, talking and laughing happily. It was monstrous—incredible! If she ever saw her again she had thought to see her rival humbled to the dust, and yet here she was, more stately, more resplendent than she had ever seen her before, her beauty enhanced with every sid of her rank and wealth.

"Am I losing my senses?" Miss Lethbridge asked herself. "Is this an erring wife—a disgraced woman? She looks like a princess in a fairy tale," and she hated her for the beauty which had been denied to herself. "What does it all mean?"

"We thought you seemed rather dull, so we struggled across to offer our company," Norah said, laughing. "I hope you feel properly grateful."

Did ever words so light spring from so heavy a heart? When she could have thrown herself at this woman's feet and begged for mercy she must meet her with a laugh and a jest. Her breath came a little pantingly as she waited for the answer.

"I never expected to see either of you here to-night," Miss Lethbridge said, deliberately.

"Indeed. Why not?" Norah wondered if she were mad to rush on her fate like this, but she felt that she must know the worst, that the suspense was growing intolerable.

One hand was clenched round her fan with a force of which she was unaware, but she stood like a statue, waiting for the next thrust. Would it be a deadly one? She knew what a terrible weapon her enemy held, and how faulty her own armor was.

But at that critical moment Lady Sarah came sailing up, looking as though she had not a care in the world.

"What are you talking about?" she asked, gaily. "You look as solemn as a band of conspirators. Are you plotting to blow up something, or only taking away somebody's character?"

A laugh greeted her sally, and the tension relaxed.

"Miss Lethbridge was expressing her surprise at seeing us here," Estcourt said. "I think I understand what she means," looking at her kindly. "She knows I have just been through a rather trying ordeal, and she might naturally suppose I should not be in the humor for festivities."

"A rather trying ordeal!" Was that all he called a wife's desertion and dishonor? Olga asked herself in amazement.

Lady Sarah saw her mistake and was inwardly amused. She possessed an enviable faculty for extracting entertainment even from the most tragic situations, which did not in the least detract from her real kindness and sympathy.

"I admire your sang-froid," Miss Lethbridge said, disagreeably. "It has certainly taken me completely by surprise. I had no idea you could take things so lightly."

"Ah, I am afraid I must have made rather a fuss the other night before I went away, or you wouldn't say that. I feel quite ashamed of myself, but my nerves were in a shocking state. However, I am so delighted and relieved at Bernhardt's verdict that I feel fit for anything now. I thought you would have written and congratulated me."

Norah made a sudden movement and Lady Sarah carelessly stepped in front of her.

"But I did," Miss Lethbridge replied. "Did you not have my letter?"

"No—oh, yes, of course," Estcourt said, in some confusion, remembering that he had not troubled to read it himself, "there was a letter waiting for me yesterday morning when I came home. I had almost forgotten. I have had so much to do and think about the last few days."

She looked at him in bewilderment, but her suspicions were aroused. She began to understand that there was a mystery.

"I think we are blocking the way," Lady Sarah said. "It is almost as difficult as swimming the Hellespont to get across this room; let us give the swimmers a little more space." And as she moved on the others followed her.

"You have dropped something," Miss Lethbridge said to Norah, who was just in front of her.

Estcourt stooped at once to look and picked up a little ivory stick belonging to a fan.

"You have broken your fan," she continued, and as Norah instinctively glanced at her hand she found that she had gripped the delicate toy so tightly in her anguish of mind that it was broken in several pieces.

"What a pity," Miss Lethbridge said, softly. "I wonder how it happened?" And she looked steadily at the drawn, white face, which was beginning to show the strain.

Norah shuddered as she forced herself to meet the gaze of those large, pale eyes, which had a trick of turning dull and stale like a snake's. The shadow fell over them now as Miss Lethbridge laughed.

"Never mind," Estcourt said, kindly, thinking Norah was vexed at her carelessness. "You shall have a prettier one to-morrow."

"You remind me of the old song," Miss Lethbridge said, with an unpleasant laugh, as she went to join some friends. "Whatever she does it will sure to be right'—even to the breaking of fans."

"Do I show the state of my feelings as plainly as all that?" Estcourt asked, ruefully. "I have always prided myself on maintaining a proper reserve. What is the matter with Olga to-night? I don't quite understand her."

"You have disappointed her, my dear Ralph," replied his aunt, sententiously, "and I may remark that it is not the first time you have done so, though you won't understand what I mean. That is the worst of you people who have no proper conceit of yourselves. Vanity is a most useful quality when not indulged in to excess.

"But I will close these cryptic utterances. Norah looks bored and tired to death. I think you had better take her home, she has been doing too much lately. I met her rushing off to Paris the other day to see her dressmaker, and she tells me she came back the same night. No wonder young people need Homes of Rest nowadays where they can lie torpid for a time."

Estcourt laughed. He liked and respected Lady Sarah and she always amused him. He would have taken her opinion and advice almost before anybody's.

"Well, I hope Norah is not going to retire to one just yet," he said, with an affectionate glance at his wife. "I promise to look after her better in future. In point of fact I may as well warn you that we are going to set up as a model couple and earn the Dunmow flitch."

"This is very gratifying. I shall watch your progress with interest. I don't know why domestic affection should be relegated to the middle classes, unless it is that they are the only ones who have time to cultivate it. But has anybody heard or seen anything of Mr. Delacour to-night? He ought to be here."

Norah stared at her in alarm. Was she mad to introduce such a topic? But Lady Sarah liked to play a bold game and to clear the ground as much as possible.

"I don't think he is," Estcourt said, carelessly. "I have seen nothing of him and he is not easily overlooked."

"That is true. When he makes his appearance the women turn to him as sunflowers to the sun. He has a distinctly fascinating personality. I am not proof against it, even at my age, though I know, alas! that my passion is hopeless."

"I do not like him," Estcourt said, curtly. "He is too polished—too slippery. There is something about him not quite straight."

"Very few men do like him, I believe," Lady Sarah observed, dryly. "By the way, my dear," turning to Norah, "he crossed to Paris on the same day as you did he not? I fancy I saw him at Calais. Did he say when he was coming back?"

"No," slowly. "I should think it was quite uncertain. He said he might be transferred to another capital."

"To continue his career of heart-breaking. 'Gather ye victims while ye may,' as the poet sings. Well, we shall not easily look upon his like again in the cotillon; he could do things that make other men ridiculous."

As Norah left the brilliant scene with her husband she drew a long breath of relief. She had been on the rack; it had been a veritable torture house. And this was only the beginning! Would time deaden her feeling? she wondered. Or would every fresh reminder every pang of remorse be as sharp and keen as they were now?

If so, she thought wearily that it could not last long. That dramatic meeting had tried her nerves severely; she felt completely worn out. But she did not know yet how slowly sorrow kills. She shivered at the memory of the flash that had leaped to her enemy's eyes when she saw the broken fan. She knew that that had betrayed her; that her calmness and indifference must have appeared the pretence they were.

"You are very quiet," Estcourt said, presently. "What are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking," laughing a little wildly, "what a delightful place a desert island would be to live on; of course, I mean a desert island for two."

"Poor little girl! Are you so tired as all that? Well, we can start in search of one to-morrow, if you like; but I am afraid you would soon be sighing for the delights of London town."

"Of course, we can't go just yet; there are too many things coming on," she said, knowing that it would only increase the danger and suspicion to run away. "But in a few weeks, when the rush is over, don't you think we might have a quiet time together where nobody can find us?" And he readily agreed.

Miss Lethbridge also left the reception early, and when she had dismissed her lonk-suffering maid—who could never summon up courage to give her notice—she sat down to think over the eventful evening at her leisure. So much had happened that she had never

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A Heart-Throbbing Romance of Fashionable Society Life

Continued from Previous Page.

dreamed of, which she would have laughed at as impossible.

"What does it mean?" she said to herself, over and over again.

"How is it those two have come together again, and are apparently more in love with each other than they have ever been before? Can I have made a mistake?"

She got up, and taking a key from a secret receptacle—she was always hiding her keys in different places—she unlocked an old Indian cabinet. She took an envelope out of one of the drawers, inscribed, in case of my death to be sent to Lord Estcourt," and, tearing it open, drew out a sheet of notepaper. It was Lady Estcourt's farewell letter to her husband. She read it through carefully, put it in a fresh envelope, on which she wrote the same instructions, and locked it up again in the cabinet.

She had made no mistake.

Therefore, the only possible explanation of Estcourt's behavior was that he had not read his wife's letter, and was still in ignorance of the truth. She knew him too well to think for an instant that he would connive at his own dishonor; that he would find it possible to forgive such a wrong, even though at the last moment there had been no public scandal. She sat staring straight before her, her chin supported in her hand, as she carefully went over the whole position.

For some reason that must at present remain a mystery Lady Estcourt on the point of departure, had abandoned her intended flight. Had she repented? Or had the man failed her? The latter, as Miss Lethbridge was forced to acknowledge, seemed scarcely probable.

She knew so little at present, she was only groping her way in the dark. But one day—it might be week or years—she would know everything. She dropped her arms and looked up.

"Oh, my dear," she said, softly, in a grating voice, "you made a mistake, a very big mistake, when you pitted your wits against mine. For a time you may seem to have it all your own way, for I must walk warily, but I shall never rest—never falter, until the end lies clear before me. Then," and her hand clenched, as though it were closing over something, "it will be my turn. Then I do not think that heaven or earth could keep me from my vengeance."

She paced up and down the room as though it were a cage, her light eyes blazing.

The thought of her wasted years—of all that might have been and was not—was like poison in her blood. And now the chance had come of settling her account with Lady Estcourt, who, to her distorted vision, was responsible for everything. She welcomed it with an almost inhuman delight.

Her rival had been on a pinnacle out of reach, and suddenly she had fallen where the feet of the multitude would tread her down as a word. It was the strangest chance that her fate should hang on her enemy's lips; that the determining letter should have been sent to the one person in all the world who would make the deadliest use of it.

Miss Lethbridge could not make up her mind as to who the man was referred to in the letter. The name of Paul Delacour naturally suggested itself at once, but that seemed so simple and obvious that she hesitated to accept it. She was always disposed to reject what lay on the surface, and to drive below for an explanation.

"You shall learn what suspense means, Lady Estcourt," she said, grimly. "You shall know what it is to lie awake at night and long for the morning. To find the day so full of misery that you will pray for the dark to hide you from me for a little while. For every pang that I have suffered I will be repaid, full measure and running over. When your spirit is broken, when all the joy has gone out of your life, and your beauty slowly withered away; when you stand before me, a poor pitiful ghost of the insolent splendor you flaunted to-night—then, and not before, I will give the cup de grace. Then, in addition to all you have lost, you shall lose love and honor, too."

She spoke as the last words aloud, carried away by her passions, and as each word fell from her lips cold, deadly, intense, it sounded like a curse.

CHAPTER X.

"Thou Sayest Farewell?"

ABOUT a week later Norah and Lady Sarah were sitting in the park one morning when Miss Lethbridge strolled up and took a vacant chair next to them.

"It is a wonder to find you with out an attendant cavalier," she said to Norah, when they had exchanged greetings. "What has become of the ubiquitous Mr. Delacour? I have not seen him about lately."

Her tone was one of studied impertinence, but Lady Sarah had warned Norah not to afford her an opening by taking offence at anything she might say; to treat everything lightly, as though no rudeness could possibly be intended.

"Very likely not, as I believe he is in Paris still," Lady Estcourt said, carelessly.

"Indeed? I had no idea he had gone abroad. You must miss him very much."

"I do. Ralph has not half as good a memory, or as good a temper," with a laugh. "I cannot order him about so freely, and he lacks the gift of invention. Now, Mr. Delacour could always be relied on for a novel idea—from the arrangement of a dinner table to a new figure for the cotillon."

"You must indeed be lost without him," with a sneer. "Such a friend of the house is not met with every day. I hope Lord Estcourt appreciated him equally well?"

"I never thought of asking him," innocently. "As you kindly said the other night, whatever I do is generally right in his eyes."

Miss Lethbridge bit her lip.

"And when does this squire of dames return?" she inquired.

"That is what I have been asking," Lady Sarah interrupted. "I want to try a new dish on his fastidious palate before offering it to a critical world. It must be more than a week since he left. It was the day I met you on your way to Paris, wasn't it?" turning to Norah.

"Did you and Mr. Delacour leave town on the same day?" Miss Lethbridge asked, eagerly.

"Yes," calmly. "We travelled as far as Paris together. I was in a hurry to interview my dressmaker, so I did not see him again, as I was returning home the same night. So I am afraid," with a laugh, "I cannot give either of you any more information as to the gentleman's movements. I am sorry, as you both seem so much interested in him."

Miss Lethbridge looked at her searchingly.

"What did it mean?" she asked herself. Lady Estcourt was surely not such an adept in the art of deception that she could speak in this careless way of a man with whom she had, at least, contemplated running away. She was too young and inexperienced to be able to put such a bold face on the matter. Paul Delacour could not be the right man; no name was mentioned in the letter.

Lady Sarah spoke of meeting them quite unconcernedly, so there could be nothing in it, suspicious though it seemed. Lady Sarah was a woman of the world, and would have seen at once if there had been anything wrong; she would not be with Lady Estcourt like this if she had compromised herself in any way. Lady Sarah might be lax in her speech and manners at times, but she was strict enough in her ideas, as Olga Lethbridge knew. She was puzzled.

Just then Lord Estcourt crossed over by Hyde Park corner.

Norah saw him first, but, hoping he would not see them, she gave no sign. But Estcourt had come to look for her, so he sauntered leisurely down the Row, expecting to find her there.

He caught sight of the three women and came toward them, Miss Lethbridge greeting him with an exclamation of surprise.

"What brings you here?" she said. "It is not often you come to watch the puppet-show. I thought you considered it a pastime for women and idlers in general."

"It is too warm to be energetic," he said, laughing, "and I thought I should find Norah here. I am quite prepared to be amiable and admiring to-day. I am in the mood of the lotus-eater who is too indolent to cavil at anything."

"What a chance for us! Did you hear that, Lady Estcourt? If you want to ask a favor—or confess a misdeed—now is your time. Can you think of nothing?" after an instant's pause.

"How lucky you are! Well, if you won't seize the opportunity I shall.

"Lord Estcourt," turning to him, "I request the favor of your company on an expedition to see the peacocks."

"By all means," he laughed, "though I am sorry you won't let me indulge my lotus mood. I should have thought you would have found it more interesting to stop here, where you can see and be seen, than to bury yourself in the wilds."

"My constitution demands a daily walk. Besides, we can amuse ourselves with watching the children sailing their boats and obtain an excellent moral at the same time. We can think of all the people we have known who have set sail so gayly, and of the storms they have met. Some have been overwhelmed and we have seen them no more, while others have lost nearly everything—love, honor and happiness, and toss about, a derelict, for the rest of their lives."

She moved away before one could answer.

"What does she mean? What is she going to do?" Norah whispered, in agitated tones, to Lady Sarah.

"What?" Norah cried. "You say that—you! And but a little while ago I almost thought I loved you!"

"Come! We must follow them. I can't trust her with Ralph." And she made a movement to get up.

"Sit still," Lady Sarah commanded. "If she means to tell him she will, and we cannot stop her. If she does not—and I think she would have spoken sooner if she meant to speak—we will not give her the satisfaction of seeing that we are frightened."

"But how can I let him go like that? How can I stop here not knowing what is happening—whether even now she may not be poisoning his mind against me?"

"I am afraid, my dear," Lady Sarah said, gently, "that you will have to learn to bear many things that seem impossible now. And you must learn not only to bear them in silence, but as though they did not concern you. Miss Lethbridge will be always watching you, you must make up your mind to that, and the more you let her see how she can hurt the more she will make you suffer. Your only chance of immunity is to deceive her."

"I will try," Norah said, composing herself with an effort. "I know you are right, but it is terribly hard."

"I think she is puzzled and does not know what to do. You see, she has only the letter—though I acknowledge that is bad enough—and she cannot make it fit in with the present state of affairs. She will do nothing rashly. Let her hint to Estcourt as much as she likes; he is not a man to pay any attention to innuendoes; he probably wouldn't see them."

"Then you don't think she will show him the letter at present?"

"I am inclined to think she will not. She will make her case as strong as she can first. Whatever she may suspect—and I think we deceived her pretty well about Delacour—she cannot know who the man is mentioned in your letter. I fancy she would like to have that clear first."

"A letter came for my lady this morning," Marie said, when Lady Estcourt went to her room on her return home. "It was brought by hand, and the messenger said he had instructions to give it into my lady's own hands. As that could not be, I took charge of it." And Marie handed Lady Estcourt a sealed envelope.

She glanced at it carelessly, thinking it was only some invitation or appointment; then she recognized the handwriting, and a spasm convulsed her face. She felt as though her life were slowly draining away, but she sat immovable and she had so little color at any time that her deadly pal lor now was not as conspicuous as it would have been in another woman. As soon as she could speak she sent Marie away on some errand.

She had recognized the writing as Paul Delacourt's. How had he managed to regain his freedom?

She took up the envelope with reluctance and distaste. She had hoped she had done with him, though she could not think this was very likely. She knew that "old sins have long shadows," and hers was not even an old sin, and the shadow had only just begun. "How many weary years would she walk in it?" she wondered.

Then she slowly broke the seal.

The letter was written from an hotel in the Strand and was very brief. It began and ended formally, and merely contained a request—which read almost like a command—that Lady Estcourt would meet the writer in the Embankment Gardens that afternoon at 4 o'clock.

"Dare I refuse?" she asked herself. "No, better go and get it over. I must hear at once what he has to say, and it may be as well that I should hear it where we are not likely to be interrupted. But I shall make him understand quite plainly that the past is done with, and that for the future we must be the merest acquaintances."

Then she went down to lunch with an aching heart.

"I have planned an outing for this afternoon," Estcourt said, gayly, "quite a bourgeois, respectable outing. I will drive you down to Richmond and we will have tea at the Star and Garter."

"I should like it immensely," she said, slowly, "but I am afraid I can't manage it." He was obviously disappointed.

"Make your escape for once," he said, coaxingly. "I need a little fresh air, and it is your undoubted duty to see that I have it. I will take the blame for any broken engagement. I thought you would be pleased. You were pining for a desert island the other day."

"I only wish I could so," she replied, "and," with a twisted smile, "let you take the consequences. But I have one or two important calls to make this afternoon. Take me to-morrow, instead." And with that he was obliged to be content.

Lady Estcourt had some difficulty in getting away unobserved that afternoon. She waited until her husband had gone out, and then, evading Marie's attentions, she dressed herself very quietly, putting on a thick veil, and watched her opportunity to slip out of the house. She took a hansom a little further on and drove to Charing Cross.

She went into the station, and having nervously asked a porter the way she was directed to go down the steps into Villiers street. She saw the Gardens almost opposite and entered them hastily, eager to escape from the curious gaze of one or two loafers who wondered at seeing her there.

She walked slowly along the prim path, between the burnt grass and drooping trees, holding her sunshade well down over her face. In a minute she heard a quick, decided step behind, and looked round. It was Paul Delacour.

For an instant they regarded each other in silence. Was this the man who had charmed and bewildered her so that she did not know right from wrong? This man, with the sharp, handsome face and furtive eyes? This man, who seemed to have a look of the shabby adventurer about him, even though his attire was faultlessly correct? "Was it the taint of the prison," she wondered, with a shudder, "or the manner of their meeting, that had robbed him of all his old glamor?" The first glance had killed any feeling she might have had left for him.

The next moment he spoke.

"You are early," he said. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting."

"I had to come when I could. Your letter was a great shock. I hardly expected to see you again after what happened."

They greeted each other almost as strangers, these two who but a little while ago had talked of spending the rest of their lives together. On Lady Estcourt's side there was not only a shrinking coldness, but even a touch of enmity. As to Delacour, he was obviously embarrassed, he whose smiling self-possession nothing had once disturbed.

"This is a wretched place," he said, looking round with an air of disgust, "and I am ashamed I asked you to come here, but I did not know where else to suggest. It had to be somewhere quiet and out of the way."

"It does not matter," she replied, with weary contempt. "It will do as well as anywhere else. As you say, it was necessary to hide ourselves where no one we knew would find us. I think we are hardly likely to meet any friends here."

"You make it very hard for me, Norah."

"Not my name, please," she said, sharply. "I am willing to give you this one private interview, but it will be the last, and I shall not permit any return to our former intimacy. I have come because it seemed necessary that we should understand one another; but will you kindly say what you have to say as briefly as possible, as I cannot wait long?"

He laughed harshly.

"Do you think it can all be settled up so easily?" he said. "Does the past count for nothing? Have you no affection left for me?"

"None," she answered, tersely. "I do not think I ever had much. At most, it was a foolish girl's infatuation. I was flattered by your attentions, and I was sore and angry enough to be ready to do anything that would help me to forget. You are a past-master in such matters, and you know how to make the most of your opportunities," with a bitterness she made no attempt to restrain.

"You have no right to say that," angrily. "I was honestly in love with you. I—I care for you still. I came here with my heart full of you—eager for a kind word, longing to look upon your face again."

She shook her head slowly.

"It does not sound real," she said, "I think we were both deceiving ourselves, and the separation—that awful shock—opened my eyes. Our romance was built up of pretences and dainty trifles, and it would not stand the strain. I will not ask whether you ever really believed that my husband was untrue to me—for I ought to have known him better than to have listened to you—but I will tell you that we were utterly in the wrong. He was ill and worried and tried to keep it from me; that was the reason of his silence and absence."

"And now," with sneer, "after the failing out, you have kissed again with tears, as your Tennyson says. It is a pretty tableau, but where do I come in? Do you think you can leave me out of the picture? No! a thousand times—no!"

CHAPTER XI.

"I Hold Thee By Too Many Bands."

LADY ESTCOURT looked at Delacour steadily. The gray river lay sluggish and oily under the blazing sun, the dusty, deserted garden seemed to pant with heat and fatigue; but these two, who had such vital interests at stake, were indifferent to all outside influences.

"Do you threaten me?" she asked, after a moment.

He had the grace to seem ashamed of himself.

"No," he said, sullenly. "The last thing I desire is to quarrel with you."

"Then what do you mean? What do you want?"

"As I find you comfortably settled again in your own home, I may, I suppose, presume that so far Lord Estcourt knows nothing of your flight?" he said. "That he is ignorant of all that has passed between you and me?"

She inclined her head. It would be useless to tell a lie.

"And I may also suppose that, naturally, you do not wish him to know the truth? That your future welfare depends on his ignorance of your deception and intended betrayal being maintained?"

Again she silently answered in the affirmative. He was only stating the bare facts and she had nothing to say in extenuation.

"Then," he moistened his dry lips, for he was a gentleman by birth and breeding, and this thing did not come easy to him, "then I am afraid I must ask you to make me some return for my silence—to make it worth my while to keep your secret."

"What?" she cried. "You say that—you!" Her eyes were wide with horror. "And but a little while ago I almost thought I loved you!"

The color leaped to his face and burnt there in a fiery, shameful flush. He drew his breath hard. This was the first time that a woman had had cause to reproach him, and he felt his degradation to the full.

"I have no choice," he said, in a low tone. "I hate to do it, but I must ask you to help me. I am in a very difficult position. Only the greatest care can save me from ruin."

"Could you not have left me a little illusion?" she said, bitterly. "Could you not have left me a shadow of excuse for my mad folly? Must you prove yourself quite unworthy? You have put the finishing touch to my shame and humiliation."

"Don't judge me too harshly," he pleaded. "Try to understand how hard pushed I am. I must get all the support I can, and yours and Lord Estcourt's will be invaluable. My position is very shaky. A touch would send me down into the depths from which there is no return. Have you not a little fellow-feeling for me?"

"What do you want? You must speak plainly."

"Plainly, then," he said, with an effort, "it depends on how my friends receive me now whether I shall be able to keep my place in society or be put beyond the pale. The charge brought against me in Paris of having tampered with military secrets was not proved, but—well!" bitterly, "I was recommended to resign my position, and I did. I am no longer in the diplomatic service and I have no chance of serving my country in any other way. It is like your accursed Scotch verdict of 'Not proven,' which the world reads, 'Guilty, but cannot be proved.'"

"I am sorry," she said, more kindly. "You must try to establish your innocence; then, surely, you will be reinstated?"

"The best way to meet the charge is to show them that my friends do not believe it," he said. "When people find out that I am no longer attached to the Embassy, of course they will talk and wonder, and if I am once shown the cold shoulder it will be all up with me. Though it is not likely that any definite information will leak out, there are sure to be rumors. Now, if my friends stick to me; if I am still asked everywhere, those rumors will be discredited and die away. If not—" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"It would have been more difficult for me in Paris than here," he went on, after a moment. "I am well known and liked in London, and it seemed to me that I should do best to make it my permanent abode. If I were to try any other foreign capital I should not have the same entree into society as formerly, and rumor might do me more mischief. No, my place is here. Will you help me to stop?"

"What can I do?"

"Be my friend. Contradict any whispers you may hear against my good name; or, better still, laugh at them. Receive me in your house on the old terms, as though nothing had happened."

"I told you that I would permit no return to our former friendship, that I can never be on terms of confidence with you again. I refuse absolutely to deceive my husband with regard to our future relations; I deceived him in the past, to my cost."

"Very well"—harshly—"let us put sentiment on one side and treat the matter from a business point of view. It is wonderful"—with a sneer—"how a woman turns with the tide! I promise to say no word that Lord Estcourt might not hear, never to refer to that bygone episode in our lives, if you will continue to treat me nominally as a friend. I will make no demands on you in private, if in public you will afford me your help and countenance."

Norah hesitated. She distrusted Delacour; but at the same time she was a little sorry for him, and more than a little afraid of him. Fate seemed to have turned on him almost as venomously as it had turned on her. She did not understand very well of what he had been accused, but she could not believe that he was unfit for the society of honorable men and women. She would gladly never have looked on his face again, but she did not wish that he should be ruined and disgraced.

"I don't want to threaten," he said, more gently, "or I might remind you how easily I could ruin your life; that I could do you far more harm than you can do me. I have given up a great deal—you know how much was nearly mine but a little while ago—and I had hoped to save something from the wreckage; but you have done with me, you say. Very well, let us draw a veil over the past; I make no claim on it. I ask a little help of your kindness—that is all. Can you refuse me?"

She felt that she could not.

"I will do what I can," she said; "but Lord Estcourt does not like you, so you must be careful. If he once decided that you were an undesirable guest I should not be able to alter his decision. The doors would be closed against you."

"I rely on your influence over Lord Estcourt," he said, with a touch of menace. "Until I am established again on a firm footing it is absolutely necessary that I should find a welcome in your house. If you make a point of being friendly, Estcourt will at least be courteous. That is all I want."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Health, Beauty And The Home

The Home Soda Fountain

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

NOW that the tax on sodas and soft drinks is so disconcerting to our pocketbooks, why doesn't the homemaker, especially the one with a large family, decide to make more cooling beverages at home? The torrid August weather demands refreshing liquids, and with but a little pains, and at far less expense, the home can easily compete with the soda fountain.

It may surprise many to know that the colors and flavors in most soft drinks are prepared in a chemical laboratory, and that they never saw a fresh peach or strawberry. Also, many drinks of the type of ginger ale secure their "punch" from plain capsicum or red pepper! Again, much of the "pop" and "pink lemonade" is nothing but carbonated water colored with dye.

Now, while these drinks are not harmful to the adult, it is always questionable if they are wholesome for growing children. How much better it would be to let the children sweeten and color water at home than to permit them to spend their pennies for such doubtful drinks!

Naturally, whatever appeals to the eye tempts the appetite, and it is not only children to whom brightly colored beverages and foods appeal. But why does the housewife who knows so well how to color candies and icing not turn her art to the making of attractive beverages?

There are the familiar vegetable pastes in yellow, pink, green, so well known in colored icings. These same pastes may be used to add a glow to any Summer drink. Similarly, the kitchen flavor shelf can be extended to include raspberry, pineapple, banana and other flavors, particularly useful in Summer drink beverages. Let any child who wishes to spend his pennies for pop be given the chance to make a pitcher of pink "pop" at home and he will unquestionably prefer it to what he could have bought.

In the dog days the appetite often declines solid food, yet the body's strength must be kept up. This can be done excellently by the choice of egg and milk beverages served cool, but not iced.

Egg nog, egg malted milk chocolate, malted milk, milk shake, etc., are all drinks which can be duplicated at home and at far less cost. An egg malted milk which costs 25 or 30 cents in a drug store today can be made with ten cents' worth of materials at home. Children who are fretty and refuse food in Summer may well be offered the cool malted milk.

In the author's family the word "soda" is applied to all beverages drunk in a tall glass. By the camouflage of whipping egg whites or beating the eggs the resemblance to typical soda water is borne out. Also, if a package of "straws" such as used at a drug store is purchased, and children allowed to drink through the straw, the illusion will be complete. One delicate child who never took eggs in any other form was delighted with this home-made soda.

A convenient little utensil for preparing various drinks is a "mixer." This consists of a metal or glass jar holding a half pint and fitted with a strainer at the top. By shaking this back and forth good mixing is provided, and then the drink can be nicely strained into its glass. Some mixers have a lemon squeezer in the top.

All kinds of fruit cutters which slice or cut fruit into fancy shapes a good lemon squeezer and an ice chipper are also indispensable. This last is a small tool with sharp teeth which rapidly shaves the ice into fine particles particularly suitable for beverage use.

There is on the market a unique syphon fed with "bullets" containing carbonic acid gas under pressure. The syphon so made that this bullet may be inserted in the top and opened by turning a handle. This releases the gas into the beverage contained in the syphon, making the exact counterpart of drug store soda water.

The syphon costs about $1 and the bullets are renewable. Each syphon holds two quarts, and thus it is an easy matter to prepare delicious carbonated beverages.

As many Summer drinks contain fruit it is convenient to have a set of special fruit spoons, made either of glass or silver. These have long, slender straw-like handles like a straw, and also like a straw they are hollow. The tip is a tiny spoon which assists in lifting the ever-tempting maraschino cherry from the bottom of the glass. A pretty set of these spoons in white glass with yellow tips is charming for any Summer service.

One clever housekeeper puts up what she calls "soda fruits." As she does her preserving she makes half pint jars of different combinations of fruit and syrup, such as cherry, red raspberry and currant, etc. In all her canning she pre

"Even in repose the beauty holds her head well up."
Photograph Posed by MISS MARION DAVIES at CAMPBELL STUDIO

pares home-made syrups by utilizing the left overs of the fruit pulp. In this way she has a stock of the purest fruit juices and fruits especially ready for making drinks at home. It is a plan many women could easily follow.

It is also best to prepare a chocolate syrup or a lemon syrup in concentrated form and keep in the ice-box ready for instant use. There is an excellent ever-ready lemonade which is made by squeezing the juice of a dozen lemons, adding one quart of water and one pound of sugar and boiling five minutes.

For the sake of the children's health and for all reasons of economy the making of Summer beverages at home should be part of the housekeeper's duty.

How Is Your Chin?

By Lina Cavalieri,
The Most Famous Living Beauty

AT the first faint indication of a double chin the woman will give herself a rigid course of home treatment. She will want to correct the trouble in the shortest possible time. She knows that the double chin is the particular signpost of old age and homeliness.

The first infallible proof that tells you the dread spectre is upon you is the sagging cheek muscles. These are serious and difficult to treat, so you must lose no time in getting to work upon them. The sagging muscles indicate that they have grown too weak to remain in place and they must be assisted and strengthened. The best way to strengthen them is to cause freer circulation in those parts that are affected. And the way to stimulate the circulation is to massage those surfaces where circulation is desired.

But it is necessary that you be very careful about massage. Bad—that is, unintelligent—massage is worse than none.

Study the drooping cheek muscles and you will notice that they are likely to sag from the cheek over the edge of the lower jaw bone, thus melting in an ungraceful way down into the neck. This must not be permitted. The jawbone should keep its thin, fine edge to the end of life. The nearer it is like a razor edge in sharpness the nearer you are to keeping the facial line of youth. Some are born moon faced, and despite all care moon-faced they will remain. But it is true, nevertheless, in the large majority of cases, that if a lower edge of the jaw is of knife like sharpness, the woman who possesses it is still young. If it be muffled by flesh the woman is old or is growing old.

Since the flesh is inclined to melt down into the chin, so forming that unlovely acquisition—the double or even the triple chin—it is necessary to massage that surplus flesh regularly. So I would advise you to strengthen the muscles of the true or normal chin thus:

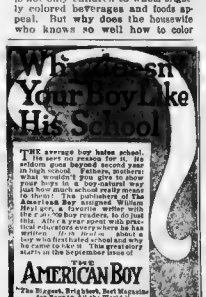
With a pure massage cream give one stroke to the muscles of the chin with the right hand, then with the left and so alternate. Pass the hands from side to side one under the other. When you have made twenty such strokes, give your attention to the cheek muscles proper.

With the tips of the first, second and third fingers rub slowly and gently, with a rotary motion upward and backward along the line of the jaw and upward to the hair line. Repeat this operation again until the cheek muscles and the fingers are weary.

When they have rested, begin again, this time with the softer flesh above the jaw. Use the first three fingers again, but press more should be used lighter, for these muscles have not the bony support of the lower ones, and it is always hazardous to work other than skilfully on such muscles. For instance, the flesh just beneath the eye should never be touched except with the gentlest pressure possible. Then the motion should be toward the hair line and away from the nose.

Twice a day is often enough for ordinary cases. But in extreme cases ten minutes for massage four times a day is not too often.

Also let the woman whose cheek muscles are beginning to sag, and who by the same token is acquiring the double chin, remember to keep her head raised. Ordinarily the woman may turn to the flower for lessons in beauty. In this instance she must look to the horse. How much handsomer is the horse that carries his head high and how much younger he looks!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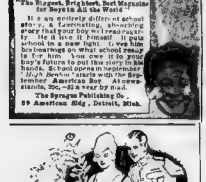
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My Favorite Eggplant Recipes

Eggplant and Bacon Loaf.

BOIL 1 eggplant until tender, peel, drain and mash thoroughly. Chop 8 or 10 slices of bacon and add to the cooked eggplant pulp. Add 2 eggs, well beaten, and salt, pepper and butter or bacon fat to taste. Turn into a buttered baking dish, cover with 2 or 4 thin slices of bacon and bake until the bacon is crisp.

Eggplant Loaf.

PARE and slice 1 eggplant. Cut each slice into cubes and cook until soft in boiling water to cover. Mix with 1 cup of bread crumbs, ½ cup strained tomato pulp, ½ cup cold rice, 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon salt and a little paprika. Add more seasoning to taste. Pack into a buttered loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven.

Savory Eggplant.

COOK eggplant until tender in boiling salted water. Peel and mash through potato ricer. Season to taste with salt and paprika. A little of your favorite prepared sauce may also be used. Add 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon vegetable oil or melted butter, and 1 finely chopped green pepper. Reheat and serve hot.

Eggplant Salad.

BOIL eggplant until perfectly tender. Peel and chill. Cut into small squares or cubes and cover with a little French dressing seasoned with pepper, salt and onion juice. Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing. Eggplant salad may be prepared with combinations of other vegetables or meat.

Eggplant au Gratin.

PEEL eggplant, split it length-wise, remove large seeds and cut into squares. Cook until tender in boiling salted water seasoned with a slice of onion, 2 or 3 cloves and a bit of pepper. Drain, place in buttered baking dish, covering each layer with white sauce. Sprinkle the last layer of sauce with buttered crumbs and grated cheese. Bake until thoroughly reheated and crumbs are brown.

Eggplant, Creole Style.

WASH, pare and slice an eggplant. Cut slices into half inch cubes. Cook in boiling water until tender. Melt 2½ tablespoons butter or butter substitute and add 2 finely chopped onions and 1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper. Cook until onions and pepper are tender. Drain eggplant and add it to the onion and pepper. Add 1½ cups soft bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups tomato pulp and a dash of paprika. Mix well and turn into a buttered baking dish, cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake about 20 minutes.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Figs, Oatmeal, Toast, Coffee.	Stewed Apples, Cereal, Cornmeal Griddle Cakes, Peach Jam, Coffee.	Stewed Prunes, Blueberry Muffins, Tomato Jam, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Toasted Whole Wheat Muffins, Soft Boiled Eggs, Coffee.	Peaches, Codfish Balls, Muffins, Coffee.	Grapes, Baked Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Oatmeal, Potato Cakes, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Russian Vegetable Salad, Graham Bread,	Stuffed Egg Salad, Rolls, Radishes, Sponge Cake, Iced Tea.	Asparagus Omelet, Whole Wheat Muffins, Cherries, Iced Tea.	Stuffed Tomatoes, Brown Bread, Chilled Lemon Rice Pudding.	Mexican Corn in Ramekins, Lettuce Salad, Fruit Gelatine.	Pear Salad with Ginger, Cheese Biscuits, Iced Tea.	Fruit Juice Cocktails, Cold Salmon,
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Mashed Potatoes,
Broiled Beef Balls, Gravy, Rice, String Beans, Tomato Relish, Molded Fruit Salad, Fruit Salad Dressing.	Cold Sliced Beef, Southern Style Corn, Sliced Tomatoes, Grape Sherbet.	Salmon Loaf, Carrots and Green Peas, Potato Salad, Deep Apple Pie.	Vegetable Casserole, Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad, Fruit Whip, Iced Coffee.	Fish Baked with Creole Sauce, Riced Potatoes, Asparagus, Green Salad, Blackberry Pudding, Cream Sauce.	Broiled Steak, Scalloped Potatoes, Corn, Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers, Chilled Cup Custards.	Buttered Beets, Ice Cream, Mock Angel Cake. *Supper* Minced Chicken Sandwiches, Lettuce Sandwiches, Fruit Lemonade.

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A COMFORTABLE AND SERVICEABLE HOUSE DRESS (2569). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size 6¼ yards of 36-inch material.

A NEW WAIST STYLE (2864). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2⅜ yards of 42-inch material.

A SERVICEABLE, COMFORTABLE SKIRT (2891). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 4⅜ yards of 20-inch material.

A CHARMING ONE-PIECE MODEL (2928). The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 4½ yards of 44-inch material.

A DAINTY "BIT" OF LINGERIE (2856). The pattern is cut in six sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

JUST THE DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL (2940). The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 4¼ yards of 30-inch material.

A SIMPLE DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL (2960). The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 2¾ yards of 44-inch material.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 10c in silver or stamps for EACH PATTERN (each number represents one pattern) to

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P. O. BOX NO. 269,
CITY HALL STATION
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE FALL AND WINTER 1919-1920 CATALOGUE.

IMPORTANT—Be sure to fill in name, address and sizes

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TEN CENTS EACH.

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2856.....Years 2569 Bust
2940.....Years 2964.....Bust
2891 .....Waist

Name .....
St. and No.....
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A specialist has at last perfected a pure face powder that positively will not cause enlarged pores, blackheads and irritations. In fact, while it is considered the best face powder, it is also a remedy for complexion troubles. It is guaranteed pure and harmless to the most delicate baby skin. It beautifies wonderfully because it helps to clear and lighten the skin and protect the complexion from blemishes. This new kind of face powder is made largely of an ingredient that skin specialists use in the treatment of the complexion. And it really stays on better than any other face powder. Of course, saying this, every one knows we mean the famous La-may Powder (French), Poudre L'Ame. This is the powder that does not contain starch or rice powder or dangerous white lead to make it adhere. White lead is a deadly poison and rice powder turns into a paste made that makes enlarged pores, blackheads and rice powder irritations. Because La-may is so pure and because it stays on so well it is now used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large box, and many dealers also carry the small trial size. Be sure to try La-may. Then you will really know a perfect face powder. You will be sorry if you take a substitute. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautiful it improves your complexion, you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in America. Save this notice.

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Pompeian Fragrance

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The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Company at Cleveland, Ohio.

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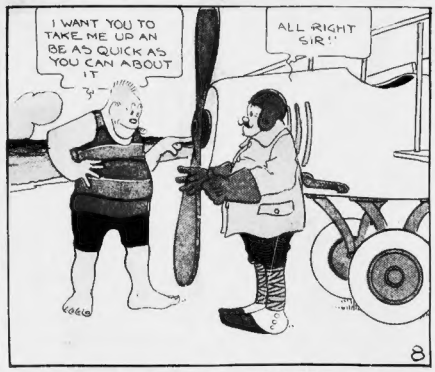
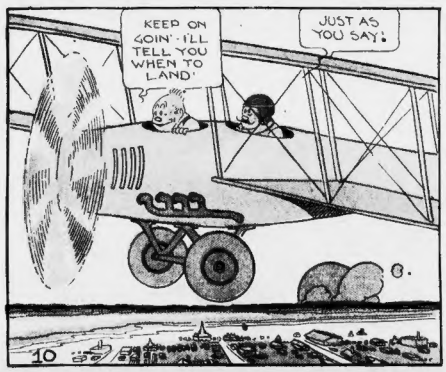
Bringing Up Father

I THOUGHT MA WIFE WAS A TALKER BUT DIS LADY'S GOT HER BEAT-
MAGGIE-I DON'T FEEL WELL-
YOU NEVER FEEL WELL WHEN YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY REFINEMENT
5

DOCTOR-I FEEL LIKE THERE IS AN UNDERTAKER FOLLOWIN' ME-
OH! YOU ARE ALL RIGHT-JUST STAY OUT DOORS-GO IN BATHING-YOU NEED EXERCISE!
6





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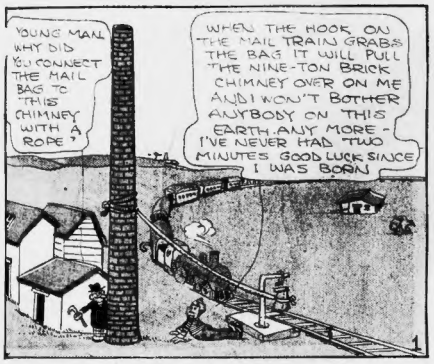
Boob McNutt

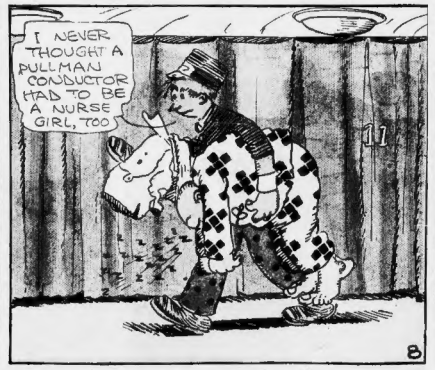

YOUNG MAN WHY DID YOU CONNECT THE MAIL BAG TO THIS CHIMNEY WITH A ROPE?
WHEN THE HOOK ON THE MAIL TRAIN GRABS THE BAG IT WILL PULL THE NINE-TON BRICK CHIMNEY OVER ON ME AND I WON'T BOTHER ANYBODY ON THIS EARTH ANY MORE - I'VE NEVER HAD TWO MINUTES GOOD LUCK SINCE I WAS BORN
1

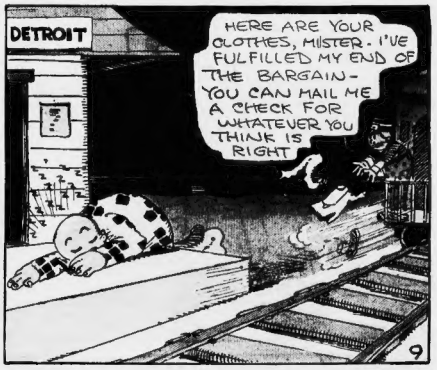
I HAVE TO SAVE YOUR LIFE BECAUSE IT WOULD COST THE RAILROAD COMPANY TOO MUCH MONEY TO DIG YOU OUT FROM UNDER THOSE BRICKS
NOW I'LL HAVE TO APOLOGIZE TO SOMEBODY FOR SPOILING THE CHIMNEY
2

WE NEED A NEW PULLMAN CONDUCTOR ON THE NEXT TRAIN THAT PASSES THROUGH HERE - PUT ON THIS CAP AND TAKE THE JOB
I KNOW ALL ABOUT TRAINS - MY GRANDFATHER WAS A TRAIN ROBBER
3

LISTEN, CONDUCTOR, I WANT TO GET OFF AT DETROIT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT - I WANT YOU TO PUT ME OFF THE TRAIN EVEN IF I DON'T WAKE UP - IF I'M NOT IN DETROIT TONIGHT I'LL LOSE $1,000,000 - I'LL PAY YOU WELL FOR PUTTING ME OFF
I UNDERSTAND - DETROIT IS THE CAPITAL OF UTAH
4

I WONDER HOW MUCH HE'S GOING TO GIVE ME FOR PUTTING HIM OFF IN DETROIT. IF I GET A THOUSAND DOLLARS I CAN BUY A BOX OF ENGAGEMENT RINGS AND BE ENGAGED TO TWO DOZEN GIRLS AT THE SAME TIME
5




DETROIT
HERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES, MISTER - I'VE FULFILLED MY END OF THE BARGAIN - YOU CAN MAIL ME A CHECK FOR WHATEVER YOU THINK IS RIGHT
9

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Mr. Dubb

TELEGRAM FOR MR. DOUGH
YEAH, I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM. GEE, SO THE TRIUMPH REALTY COMPANY IS BUSTING AT LAST!
THE TRIUMPH REALTY COMPANY IS GOING TO BUST UP, KALE. WE'RE IN BAD.
I WISH WE COULD UNLOAD IT ON SOMEBODY
1

A BOY JUST BROUGHT IT.
TELEGRAM FROM MAJOR JONES! HE'S COMING ON HERE TO INVEST SOME MONEY! MAYBE WE CAN GET OUT EVEN AFTER ALL. CATCH THE IDEA!
SURE, I GET YOU. WE MUST WORK IT.
2

DUBB YOU KNOW MAJOR JONES BY SIGHT. HE'S ARRIVING ON THE SIX O'CLOCK TRAIN. GO AND MEET HIM AND BRING HIM HERE. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT.
GET HERE AS SOON AS YOU CAN
YEAH, MR. DOUGH
3

HOWDY DO, MAJOR JONES! I GUESS YOU KNOW ME. I'M MR. DUBB, MR. DOUGH'S CLERK. IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT IN THE WEST?
TO TRAINS
OH, YES, I KNOW YOU. I'VE COME ON TO INVEST SOME MONEY ON MR. DOUGH'S ADVICE.
4

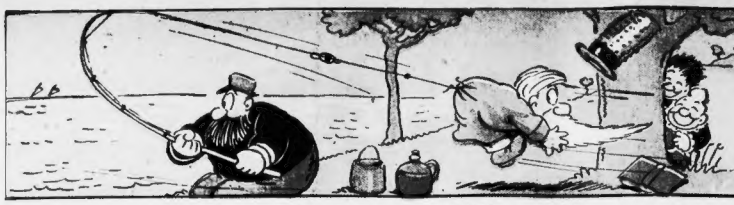
WELL, WHAT'S NEW IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD?
EVERYTHING IS O. K. ONLY I HEARD MR. DOUGH SAY THE TRIUMPH REALTY COMPANY IS GOING TO BUST UP.
5

AH, MAJOR, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! WE'VE GOT A GRAND INVESTMENT FOR YOU! MR. KALE AND I WILL SELL YOU OUR TRIUMPH REALTY COMPANY STOCK!
YOU'RE IN LUCK, MAJOR! WE WOULDN'T DO THAT FOR EVERYBODY.
DOUGH & CO.

WHAT! TRIUMPH REALTY COMPANY! YOUR CLERK TOLD ME YOU SAID IT WAS GOING TO BUST UP! SO YOU'RE TRYING TO SWINDLE ME, ARE YOU!
I'D BETTER BEAT IT!
7

I PAY ATTENTION AND GET IT RIGHT
HERE'S FIVE DOLLARS. NOW, WHEN WE GET THERE WE'LL HIDE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CAR AND YOU GO TO THE HOUSE AND RING THE BELL AND SAY WHAT I TOLD YOU.
YER ON, BOSS
9

HUSH, HE'S TELEPHONING
WHAT MAKES POP SIT ON A PILLOW!
LO, IS THAT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT? THIS IS MR. DUBB. I'VE BEEN ATTACKED BY BANDITS. THEY HIT ME WITH A CROW BAR. ONE OF 'EM WAS ABOUT THAT TALL.
12 F. OPPER



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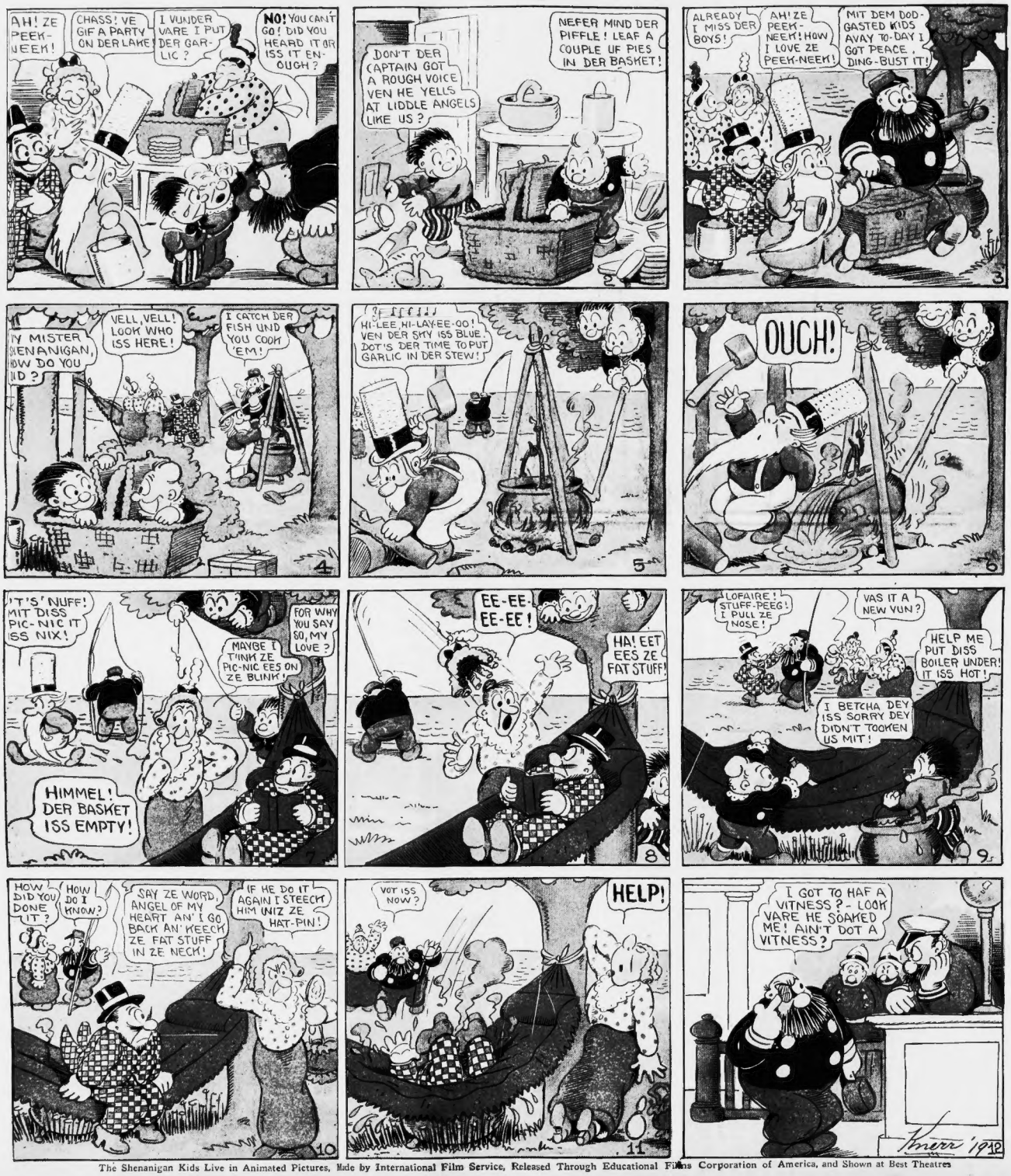
The Shenanigan Kids


AH! ZE PEEK-NEEM!
CHASS! VE GIF A PARTY ON DER LAKE!
I VUNDER VARE I PUT DER GAR-LIC?
NO! YOU CAN'T GO! DID YOU HEARD IT OR ISS IT EN-OUGH?
DON'T DER CAPTAIN GOT A ROUGH VOICE VEN HE YELLS AT LIDDLE ANGELS LIKE US?
NEFER MIND DER PIFFLE! LEAF A COUPLE UF PIES IN DER BASKET!
ALREADY I MISS DER BOYS!
AH! ZE PEEK-NEEM! HOW I LOVE ZE PEEK-NEEM!
MIT DEM DOD-GASTED KIDS AVAY TO-DAY I GOT PEACE, DING-BUST IT!
3
VELL, VELL! LOOK WHO ISS HERE!
I CATCH DER FISH UND YOU COOK 'EM!
4
HI-LEE HI-LAY-EE-OO! VEN DER SHY ISS BLUE. DOT'S DER TIME TO PUT GARLIC IN DER STEW!
5
OUCH!
6
'T'S 'NUFF! MIT DISS PIC-NIC IT ISS NIX!
FOR WHY YOU SAY SO, MY LOVE?
MAYBE I THINK ZE PIC-NIC EES ON ZE BLINK!
HIMMEL! DER BASKET ISS EMPTY!
EE-EE-EE-EE!
HA! EET EES ZE FAT STUFF!
8
LOFAIRE! STUFF-PEEG! I PULL ZE NOSE!
VAS IT A NEW VUN?
HELP ME PUT DISS BOILER UNDER! IT ISS HOT!
I BETCHA DEY ISS SORRY DEY DIDN'T TOOKEN US MIT!
9
HOW DID YOU DONE IT?
HOW DO I KNOW?
SAY ZE WORD, ANGEL OF MY HEART AN' I GO BACK AN' KEECH ZE FAT STUFF IN ZE NECK!
IF HE DO IT AGAIN I STEECH HIM UNIZ ZE HAT-PIN!
10
VOT ISS NOW?
HELP!
11
I GOT TO HAF A VITNESS? - LOOK VARE HE SOAKED ME! AIN'T DOT A VITNESS?
Knerr '19

The Shenanigan Kids Live in Animated Pictures, Made by International Film Service, Released Through Educational Films Corporation of America, and Shown at Best Theatres